

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, APRIL, 1842.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

MOUNT VERNON is situated on the west bank of the Potomac river, in Virginia, about seven miles below Alexandria, and seventeen miles below Washington City. The plantation is large, but the view of it from the river is confined. The bank rises too abruptly to admit of an extended prospect. The family residence is in fair view of the traveler as he passes on the river. It is a large plain building, with scarcely any pretensions to architectural ornament or magnificence. It is accommodated, rather than graced with a piazza of its own full two stories height, whose plain columns indicate that this appendage is strictly for comfort and not for show. The grounds around present a very pleasing aspect, ornamented as they are with grass, trees, and shrubbery. Yet they do not impress the spectator with the idea of special pains, or skill, or taste, on the part of the occupant of the estate. The following sketch, copied from a description which now lies before us, will give the reader a correct idea of the appearance of these grounds, and of the tomb of Washington:

"The vault in which the ashes of Washington repose, is at the distance of, perhaps, thirty rods from the house, immediately upon the bank of the river. A more romantic and picturesque site for a tomb can scarcely be imagined. Between it and the Potomac is a curtain of forest-trees, covering the steep declivity to the water's edge, breaking the glare of the prospect, and yet affording glimpses of the river, where the foliage is thickest. The tomb is surrounded by several large native oaks, which are venerable by their years, and which annually strew the sepulchre with autumnal leaves, furnishing the most appropriate drapery for the place, and giving a still deeper impression to the *memento mori*. Interspersed among the oaks, and overhanging the tomb, is a copse of red cedar, whose evergreen boughs present a fine contrast to the hoary and leafless branches of the oak; and while the deciduous foliage of the latter indicates the decay of the body, the eternal verdure of the former furnishes a fitting emblem of the immortal spirit. The sacred and symbolic *cassia* was familiar to Washington, and, perhaps, led to the selection of a spot where the evergreen flourished.

"One of the most interesting associations with the tomb of Washington, is Lafayette's visit to it, as related by Levasseur:

"After a voyage of two hours, the guns of Fort Washington announced that we were approaching the last abode of the father of his country. At this solemn signal, to which the military band accompanying us responded by plaintive strains, we went on deck, and the venerable soil of Mount Vernon was before us. At

this view, an involuntary and spontaneous movement made us kneel. We landed in boats, and trod upon the ground so often trod by the feet of Washington. A carriage received General Lafayette; and the other visitors silently ascended the precipitous path which conducted to the solitary habitation of Mount Vernon. In re-entering beneath this hospitable roof, which had sheltered him when the reign of terror tore him violently from his country and family, George Lafayette felt his heart sink within him, at no more finding him whose paternal care had softened his misfortunes; while his father sought with emotion for every thing which reminded him of the companion of his glorious toils.

"Three nephews of General Washington took Lafayette, his son, and myself, to conduct us to the tomb of their uncle: our numerous companions remained in the house. In a few minutes the cannon, thundering anew, announced that Lafayette rendered homage to the ashes of Washington. Simple and modest as he was during life, the tomb of the citizen hero is scarcely perceived among the sombre cypresses by which it is surrounded. A vault, slightly elevated and dodged over—a wooden door without inscriptions—some withered and green garlands, indicate to the traveler who visits the spot, where rest in peace the puissant arms which broke the chains of his country. As we approached, the door was opened. Lafayette descended alone into the vault, and a few minutes after reappeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears. He took his son and me by the hand, and led us into the tomb, where, by a sign, he indicated the coffin. We knelt reverentially, and rising, threw ourselves into the arms of Lafayette, and mingled our tears with his."

It has been urged by many admirers of the immortal Washington, that the Mount Vernon estate ought to be purchased by the government, and brought into a form of perfect order, and of high and elegant improvement. To the purchase there can be no objection, unless it be on political grounds. But we do not think it would be in good taste to remodel the improvements, and blot out the traces which it bears of the private life and domestic walks of the father of his country. If any thing be desirable, it is to see fifty or one hundred acres, surrounding the domicile of the hero, inclosed by an iron fence, so fashioned that it will guard these walks. But let the improvements be preserved in their original form. Public monuments can be erected elsewhere, to attest a nation's gratitude, and perpetuate the fame of him whom the nation delights to honor. But let the remains of Washington repose in that rustic vault, re-edified, when necessary, in its present form, as long as the republic endures. It will be a rebuke to the pride of the world, and thus will he, being dead, still speak.

Original.

RELIGIOUS MEDITATION.

BY DR. THOMSON.

RELIGION carries her own bliss with her. There are flowers enough in all her paths to attract and reward the traveler. Were there no world of light to which the heaven-born pilgrim tends, wisdom would still point with undeviating index to religion's ways of pleasantness—to religion's paths of peace. There are no hills like the hills of Zion; there are no songs like the songs of Israel; there are no joys like the joys of the redeemed. How great is the happiness of the Christian! This is seen even in his trains of thought. "I meditate," says the Psalmist, "on all thy works: I muse on the work of thy hands."

Religion attracts her votaries into the sublimest walks of external nature. There can be no theology without philosophy. I do not mean to be understood that the Christian must have a library and a telescope, and an herbarium and a laboratory; that he must be confined to the study; that he must spend his days in experiments, and his nights amid books. There is an artificial philosophy and a natural philosophy. The one traces the laws by which the world is governed, the other surveys the world itself; the former busies itself with explanations, the other with facts; one is intellectual drudgery, the other mental pleasure. The mere philosopher concerns himself with the former, the mere Christian may enjoy the latter. The courtier in Shakspeare asks the shepherd: "Have you studied natural philosophy?" "O yes," says the shepherd, "my philosophy is all natural. I know it is the property of water to wet, and of fire to burn—that good pasture makes fat sheep; that he that lacks money, means, and content, lacks three good things." This affords an amusing illustration of the foregoing remark. Have you never reflected, gentle reader, how slight was the difference between the peasant and the sage; that the great field of important facts lies open to both; that the one contents himself with isolated truths, the other generalizes?

Having premised thus much, we return to our proposition, that there can be no true theology without philosophy—and proceed to observe, that God is the Alpha and Omega of all theology. His attributes are natural and moral. Power and wisdom are the chief of the former; justice and mercy the foundations of the latter. Can Almighty power and wisdom be learned as a lesson in the spelling book? To be understood they must be illustrated. It need scarcely be said that words are arbitrary sounds—that they must be associated with the ideas they are intended to convey, or they are destitute of meaning. Does a father wish to teach his son the meaning of human power? He takes him where he may witness its operations—perchance he takes him to the blacksmith-shop, and while he shows him the arm of the artizan raising the ponderous hammer, and bringing it down upon the anvil, and by repeated strokes

causing the shapeless iron to assume the form which he designs—he says, that is human power. Or he points him to the majestic city raising a thousand spires to the sun, and says, "Mark these streets, these walls, these cathedrals, these towers—they are the results of human power." Does he wish to teach him human wisdom? He may point to the philosopher calculating the eclipses and stations of the heavenly bodies for far distant years, and to the accuracy of a moment, and say, this is human wisdom. Or perhaps he takes him to observe the steamer, with her proud pendant floating in the breeze, freighted with the merchandise of a city and the population of a territory; yet buffeting the winds and surmounting the billows, and progressing to its destined port with unerring prow! and explaining to him the machinery by which the results are accomplished, he says, this is human wisdom. Thus would a father teach his son God's power. Let him take him out in the freshness of the morning, and open his eye upon the sun issuing from the chambers of the east to spread light upon the mountains; or let him lead him to the contemplation of the midnight heavens, and show him the Most High walking among the stars as a shepherd among his flocks. Would you learn what is meant by Divine wisdom? Go view the ordinances of heaven—or look into your own wonderfully and fearfully made frame. Would you learn lessons of Divine goodness? Go to the green of earth, or the freshness of ocean; to the beauties of spring, the glories of summer, the fruits of autumn, the fetters of winter; to the gentle dew that distills upon the tender grass; to the refreshing showers, and revolving seasons, filling the earth with joy and gladness. Would you know God's providential care? "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." "Behold the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns, yet your heavenly father feedeth them."

Nature cannot lead us to God without Revelation. The condition of the heathen world teaches this. Yet Revelation does not attempt to lead us to God, but through the medium of nature. She points to the works of God at her very portals. She opens the way for her glorious truths through the heavens and the earth. Her *first* page describes the creation. She shows us light issuing from the Creator's fiat—the firmament stretching itself out in the midst of the waters—the seas gathering together to their appointed places, and the dry land rising at the Creator's bidding—the earth bringing forth grass, the herb yielding seed, the tree shedding fruit—the lights taking their appointed stations in the firmament—the fruitful waters bringing forth abundantly—the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly in air. Then she presents the earth bringing forth living creatures, cattle, and creeping things, and beasts of the earth, after his kind. Finally she shows man coming forth from the hand of God—in his image, after his likeness, invested with dominion over the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air,

and over the cattle, and over all the earth. The work is finished, and the universal approbation pronounced, and the general blessing sent down; the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy.

By referring to this grand and beautiful universe, she impresses us with a sense of the majesty and glory of that God whose words she is about to utter. Thus does she prepare us to listen with awe and reverence. She does not pretend to teach us philosophy; but in teaching us religion, she leads us through all its paths. Can any one read this chapter without taking a jaunt into the fields of astronomy, geology, natural history, chemistry, and botany?

Nor is it only at the commencement that Revelation calls us to the contemplation of the works of God; but as she progresses in disclosing her heavenly lessons, the "range of the mountain is her path, and she searches after every green thing" for illustrations. She leads us through the vegetable world from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that springs by the wall; from the ant that provides her meat in the summer, to behemoth the chief of the ways of God, trusting to draw up Jordan into his mouth; pointing as she passes, to the wild goats of the rock, the wild ass of the mountains, the unicorn with his strength, the war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder, the peacock with his goodly wings, the ostrich with his feathers, the hawk stretching her wings to the south, the eagle making her nest on high.

The prophets are generally poets of the highest order. As the profoundest philosophy of ancient Rome and Greece lighted her taper at Israel's altar, so the sweetest strains of the Pagan Muse were swept from harps attuned on Zion's hill. Mark how the prophet's soul pushes its way through the most majestic scenes, gathering metaphors of the sublimest cast as she passes: "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Behold the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and counted as the small dust of the balance: behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing." "It is He that sitteth upon the circles of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in."

The religious meditations of the patriarchs and apostles were associated with the scenes of nature. Abraham called on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God, amid his flocks and herds, in the plains or on the mountains, or in groves which he had planted. Isaac was in the habit of walking forth at eventide, to meditate in the field; and Jacob learned to worship leaning upon the top of his staff.

Religion conducts us not merely into the field of external, but into the depths of internal nature. The world has been endeavoring by its own observations and reflections to learn the human soul. But though capable of penetrating into every thing else, the intel-

lect is incapable of searching out itself. No system of metaphysics has been devised which men can agree to call truth. Yet there are metaphysicians—profound ones too—and they are to be found among those who have never read a systematic work on mental philosophy. They have learned the laws of the human spirit from the teachings of its Maker; they have studied the Bible, and it has led them through all the chambers of the soul. True, there is no *system* of metaphysics in the Bible—God makes no *systems*. He made the Bible as he made nature. He threw truths, mental, moral, and natural, irregularly in the Bible, as he scattered trees and shrubs and flowers over the face of nature. Here in the Bible is metaphysics, and it may be systematized. Let a man sit down and take for granted all that the Bible asserts or assumes in relation to the human mind and heart, and he will have a perfect and unexceptionable system of metaphysics. Hence it is that the apostle James compares the Bible to a mirror. As we turn over its pages it is perpetually presenting new phases of human character, ever true to nature, ever true to experience. No sinner can sit down before the wonderful little instrument without perceiving his own likeness in all its native deformity. He will be able to trace his alienation from God, his native proneness to sin, his defilement, the perverseness of his affections, the turpitude of his nature. It is for this reason that the sinner turns away in disgust from the most sublime productions ever afforded to mortals; and will plunge into the most profound abyss of science, and wander in the most intricate mazes of speculation, or amuse himself with the low ribaldry of infidelity, or shiver in the icy regions of atheism, rather than gaze upon the gorgeous drapery of Isaiah, or the beauteous moral scenes drawn by the Savior's pencil. It is for this reason that the minister, deriving his discourse from the Bible, is accused of personality even by the stranger. Hence also it happens that he that is spiritual judgeth all things. The divine mirror shows him his own soul, yea, the soul of every rational man, its propensions, laws, hopes and fears; its motives, temptations, and corruptions; and he stands judge of the rational world. Is metaphysics an elevated science? Is the soul a sublime subject of meditation? Surely the Christian's contemplations are of the highest order.

Rational devotion leads to true philosophy, as true philosophy generally leads to rational devotion. The caves and mountains and plains of Judea inflamed the devotion of the Psalmist. At times, that he may kindle his soul with holy flame, he goes forth to the isles and the ends of the earth; he walks forth at morning to behold the sun as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race; he goes abroad to survey the heavens, which declare God's glory, and the firmament, which showeth his handy-work. He marches forth from his midnight couch to consider the glittering hosts of heaven—the moon and stars, which God has ordained; and as he advances through the beautiful and the sublime, sweeter, stronger, deeper are the notes which issue from his harp. The

devotional soul soars away from mortal habitations to the temple of her God—pluming her wings, she dwells in scenes such as might emparadise an angel. She finds a fane in every grove, and a lyre in every leaf; every voice in nature is an organ to her ear; every star in heaven touches a new chord in her heart; and every gale that sweeps by her, wafts fresh praises from her lips. She meets no breath that doth not soften, no scene that doth not enliven, no flower that doth not beautify, no sound that doth not solemnize. The whole universe is a temple fitted by Jehovah's hand to inspire devotion; and everywhere she finds herself between the wings of the cherubim: ascending from world to world with glowing raptures, she carols in the embraces of her Father and her God. 'Tis thus the angel does: plunging through the regions of space on voyages of discovery, he flings his silver lyre on the breeze, and as new scenes pass before his vision, ever fresh, ever glorious, ever lovely, he perpetuates and multiplies his raptures, and returns to the skies with the swelling song, always one, and always fresh, yet better and better understood, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

Let Moses stand before the burning bush—burning, yet unconsumed; or let him view the Almighty from the cleft in the rock—why need we complain, who may see God's goodness and power and love in the visible universe. No limited demonstrations of the Divinity, however glorious, can equal the world's on high. O let me learn God in an unlimited universe, that my ideas of my Maker may admit of unlimited expansion, and my devotion of unbounded swell.

Religion, by delightful associations, heightens the pleasure arising from the contemplation of nature. The rose and the lily have new beauties for him who thinks of the Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. Even the desert gushes with fountains, and the wilderness blossoms for him who meditates of the Holy One of Israel, before whose footsteps earth shall be transformed. The sun in heaven suggests the Sun of righteousness, who rises on the soul with healing in his wings; and every star in the galaxy beams with added lustre upon the eye that views the Star of Bethlehem. Winds, ye are gales that waft to heaven, when ye suggest that Spirit which comes we know not whence, and goes we know not whither, and breathing, blesses. Cities, villages, rocks and mountains, hills and plains, lands and seas, earth and skies, ye all come crowded with pleasing recollections—for Jesus once animated such with his divine presence. Religion fills the universe with glorious suggestions, and descending from above, hallows the earth we tread, and spreads our meanest blessings with holy associations. How fresh is this atmosphere—how beautiful this earth—how glorious these heavens! Thus cries the *mere philosopher*. Yes, adds the Christian, and these are my Father's. The child of God can look up and see the Almighty's hand wheeling the planets in order and harmony, and can be cheered by the reflection that it is the hand of One who loves him. How much sweeter the perfume of the

gales, and the fruits of autumn, and all the blessings of earth, and the unnumbered attractions that make "all nature beauty to the eye, and music to the ear," when we can regard every blessing as sent from our heavenly Father in token of his love.

Religion weaves the contemplation of nature with many salutary lessons, which are usually lost to the mere philosopher. Nature teaches by her *magnitude* the *humbling lesson of man's insignificance*. It was when the Psalmist considered the heavens that he cried out, "Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him or the son of man, that thou makest account of him?" How healthful to the soul such humiliating meditations; how do they eradicate pride and ambition, those roots of bitterness, which springing up, deform and defile that garden which might else be a paradise. How effectually do they cast down every vain imagination, and every thing that opposeth or exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, bringing our thoughts into captivity to Christ.

Nature enforces the lesson, "Lay not up treasures upon earth." Every thing upon her bosom is subject to mutations. The law of change is written everywhere. We see it not merely in the passing cloud, the revolving sun, the rolling seasons. It is written in every leaf in nature—it is graven with an iron pen on all her tablets of lead—it is inscribed in the rock for ever. Thus religion would impress us with the truth, that the fashion of this world passeth away—that here we have "no abiding place," "no continuing city"—a lesson which strikes a death-blow to those ten thousand cares and anxieties that often prey upon the heart, and make existence a burden.

Religion teaches us to learn from nature, by *analogy*, our own *frailty*. As she leads us through the green, she reminds us that "all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of the field." As the grass withereth and the flower fadeth, thus perisheth mortality, and all the comeliness thereof. At the same time, she teaches by *contrast* the durability of that world which abideth for ever. The Christian can contemplate his own frailty without any anguish, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." To him indeed the frailty of humanity is a pleasing theme—

"For he would not live always, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode."

"For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." The transitory nature of things seen increases our attachment to the eternal things unseen. The Christian can mark the earth crumble beneath his footsteps without sorrow, when it leads his thoughts to the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven.

Religion leads beyond philosophy. The Christian rises side by side with the philosopher into the starry heavens. They tread, foot to foot, the zodiac around.

Together their souls expand and burn, and wonder and adore. And here the Christian bows to his learned companion, leaves him in the milky way, and on his wings of faith ascends the upper skies, enters the paradise of God, soars through fields of light, and surveys the mansions of the blest. He wears the crown of life, and waves the palm of immortality. He mingles with the blood-washed throng, and repeats their halleluiahs. He bows at the altars where saints perfected worship, and enters the chapels where rejoicing angels sing. He soars to the heaven of heavens, sees God the Father, Jesus his Son, and God the Holy Spirit; and lifting his eye upward he cries, "This is thy throne, dear Father—these are my native skies." At length, however, sense encumbers the wings of faith, and he gravitates to earth again; but like the deputation which Israel, when encamped upon the banks of Jordan, sent across the river to explore the promised land, he bears back a cluster from the vine-hills of the celestial Canaan, and as he feeds upon the delicious fruit he sings—

"In such a frame as this,
My willing soul would stay;
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss."

In such a frame as this the apostle wrote, "We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be with Christ, which is far better."

What prisoned eagle would not wish his cage to burst, that he might mount to the morning sun and make his nest on high? Wonder not that the Christian, when his eye of faith catches a glimpse of heaven, should wish the coil of mortality in which his spirit is imprisoned to unravel, and let the prisoner free. Well may he pray—

"O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessel break;
And let our ransomed spirits go,
To grasp the God we seek."

But let us leave the Christian's intellect, and pass to his heart. We have seen what are his meditations, let us see what are his feelings.

Religion opens a world of grace, adorned with brighter scenes than nature knows. Here she teaches divine love and mercy and justice, God's moral attributes. Here she shows how God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus—a lesson which angels desire to learn. Amid the brightest scenes of nature the soul may be in hell. The *angel*, whose happiness is the award of innocence, may find a paradise in nature—but not so *rebel man*. Let him reflect, as he must at times, upon the purity of God's law, his personal liability, his bold and repeated transgressions, the justice of the penalty, and for him at least the sun and moon shall be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining. Methinks I see the sinner, humbled by some solemn Providence, and led to reflect on his ways, entering the closet with his Bible. He opens and reads with prayer—his sins rise before him—clouds encompass him, "and a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness," comes upon his soul. The earth quakes as if willing to shake the

rebel from her bosom—the pillars of heaven totter as if impatient to crush him—"a spirit passes before his face—the hair of his flesh stands up. Fear comes upon him, and trembling, such as makes all his bones to shake. Hell is naked beneath him, and destruction is uncovered: a fire consumes before him, and behind him a flame burneth!" What shall he do? Is God just, or merciful? Will he punish, or may he forgive? Thrilling question! where shall he find the answer? The earth says, "It is not in me;" the deep cries, "It is not with me." The Star of Bethlehem rises on his midnight. He cries, O blessed Jesus! He faints, he falls, but falls in mercy's arms.

This is a world of sorrow. The wounds and bruises and putrefying sores—the groans and shrieks and death of the body, are enough to make a God incarnate weep. Alas! these are nothing to the sorrows of the heart. The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear? Doth not anguish at times cleave to thee? Doth it not follow thee to the table, and from the table to the bed, and cause thee to inquire—

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow—
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivion's antidote,
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart?"

How mighty are the passions of the soul—how strong its hate. When once it penetrates an object, its hold is unshaken. The principle that binds the planets lets go its grasp in the wreck of dissolving nature; but mortal hate rises victorious over the dissolution of all things. Survey its love. The shock of battle, the loss of all things, the flames of the martyr's stake, death itself, which destroys every thing physical, cannot shake it, for it "is stronger than death." Behold its ambition. Earth is lost in it, as a drop in the ocean—the universe cannot fill it. Measure now the depth of its deathless passions, and then tell the depth of its capacity to suffer. My God! thou only canst tell what this little human heart can suffer. O for some fountain to cool its passions! O for some balm to heal its wounds! O for some meditations to bless its pulsations! Religion leads to a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins—points to the dying Savior, and cries—

"Here bring your wounded heart,
Here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow
That heaven cannot cure."

MURMUR at nothing; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is vain. But a Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than stoicism; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.—*Lacon*.

Original.

FANCIFUL PHYSIOGNOMY.*

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

Portrait 5.—A lady—and we are truly happy that a female has a place amongst the American worthies. But she looks a little disinclined to the sitting. This, we think, (for we know her reputation,) rather unreasonable in a lady of her standing. But of the head. The eye is fixed on a point—a mental speculation no doubt—an abstract one, too—something more than a reverie. It admits not of emotion or change of feature of any sort. How close she is to the thought! If she were only speaking the least word, we could get an inkling of the subject; and we should know whether she were in the negative or the affirmative. But one thing we do know, that she is in the positive, and this at the behest of truth. The direct, unquailing eye, with its judicial brow, is serious in its appreciation, and receives the unbiased impression of either fitness or absurdity, and gives instant verdict to each. Its scrutiny, though earnest, is not hypercritical, but discriminative. The moral demanding is of common sense propriety, for which nothing else shall commute or suffice. The temper is not vehement, but fixed and not easily persuaded. The mind is ardent and contemplative, with more of elevation than of enthusiasm. No weakness obtains, no littleness, nor any form of vanity. The sensibility is at discretion, yet perfectly genuine, with compassion in its train. If the fancy moves not often, it is because reflection and judgment hold the ground. If there is more of goodness than amiability, it belongs to the order of the character, which, in its broad and fair proportions, admits not the addition of such ornament to its strength. In her judgments there is that scope and range of charity essential with the wide-seeing mind, yet a deliberative restricting lest the sentiment overstep the principle; and as Jenny Deans hated a lie, even so would we read for our portrait. But every body knows Miss Sedgwick, though never so well as since the "Letters from Abroad" have enriched her accustomed readers with the lucubrations of foreign travel. Albeit, the two volumes contain not a single word of egotism, personally or relatively; and though we have said nothing about taste—the poetical of judgment—yet do these volumes attest to its existence; and their writer has presented us with pictures, statues, Alps—each in the right phase of each. And it is more than a phantasy that some of us see better with her eyes than we could have done with our own.

Portrait 6.—Whom have we here? Sure, 'tis mine host of the Boniface; and he gives us joyous welcome to the hostel—for social he is, earnest to hear, and prompt to tell—perhaps, too, he chuckles over a guest obtained. But no, let us look a little closer. We do, indeed, see a coarse, jocund, jolly-faced son of the soil; but from other indications, we doubt whether he ever

cared to earn a dollar. Other behest, we think, was his. Look again, and see how informed is that mass of flesh. We deny that the eye twinkles or swerves. We affirm that it scintillates—we think, too, it is of instant sagacity. The mouth, petulant, vulgar, and saucy as it is, shows yet a spicery, possible of discriminating satire. Humor, too, lurks there, and a sympathy accessible to all outward solicitings, but more of mirth than of other folly. Within that forehead we should say there was somewhat more specific to the man, and that without guile himself, he were yet not easily over-reached by another. Plenty of ideas, too, there are, and very good ones, but not continuous—he "hasn't time for it." An abstraction did he never think of; for his "young spirits are all abroad"—they are of the sort that are always young. Stir and action are his proper element, unknowing of fame. Bravery is his instinct; and half unconsciously he identifies himself with some bidding of war, for which he perceives himself best able. I would think him the very opposite of a selfish man, or a double dealer. But let us turn the page and see. Yes, most of the years of his life were spent in the service of his country. He had served out the whole ten years of the French war in Canada, previously to the breaking out of the Revolutionary war of our country, in which he decided, like an honest man, to sustain the soil that sustained him, and repelled indignantly the overtures of promotion and wealth from the opposite party, to bribe him to their standard—tendered by his superior officers of the French war, who well knew his weight and ability; for it was said of him that "he dared to lead where any dared to follow." In this war he passed up orderly to the post of Major General, with the confidence of his officers, and the love and devoted obedience of his men. Generous he was, and clever too. Once, in the chances of the campaign at Princeton, Captain M'Pherson, of the British army, who had been found languishing to death on the field, was succored and attended by Putnam, and requested that a friend should be called from the British lines to assist in making his will. Nothing could have been more inconvenient to our hero. But he could not deny a claim of humanity. And he performed a *russe de guerre* with the most adroit skill; and so managed that by night the British officer believed him, with his poor fifty men, to be at least "four or five thousand strong." And all these things you shall read in the Biography in the National Portrait Gallery. And many mighty acts he did. Let us take another glance, and then adieu. He looks, indeed, like a man, though not apt of the inspiration of glory, or to obey the behest of the breath of other men's opinions, yet he looks mightily "like" he had one of his own. He died in 1790, being aged in service as in life. And are they now (at Boston) arraigning you, "Old Put," at the bar in this 1841-2 for possible want of bravery? Your tongue attests not for or against; and though once voluble, it is now made fast in the true discretion of nature, and hath not a voice to embroil amongst the irreverent of another generation. But there are some

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incidents of occasional and unostentatious happening, that shall speak for you, and afford at least presumptive evidence, on your side, and tell that you were brave. Is there a wolf infesting the barn-yard, and the folds of the neighborhood, and is no one hardy or persevering enough to ferret and destroy this old offender? Yes, there is one, a mere youth then. He looks as if he were saying, "Pooh, pooh! it's all nonsense, that a man, that's bigger than a wolf, and has a gun to boot, can't settle the varmint—I'll try." And this you know he *did*. Albeit, there was more danger than glory in the thing; and, if in the obscure den of this beast, his impulse was to expel and destroy him, *do* we believe that, when his country and his kind were suffering from the aggressions of an invading foe, and with his known and pure patriotism, Israel Putnam would be found shirking?

Portrait 7.—"He bides his time." This motto we have chosen as our conception, taking all the lineaments together, of the character here presented. At the first glance, we thought the face both weak and common place; but by a closer and more continued inspection, we feel corrected of this opinion. Yet that brow rebukes us not. It has more important matter of meditation than the semblances of things; and the misprising of others should neither alter nor disturb the modest self-appreciation of this true-minded and good man. That forehead is of power. It wears the token of habitual and deep thinking. The brow contracts—'tis not alone because that full dark eye has taken in too many rays of light—'tis rather of the engrossment of responsibilities, and of unremitted cares—his nation's weal, perhaps. The nose, soft in itself, is such an one as never goes with a hard or pertinacious character. The physiology, as shown by the broken surfaces, is altogether of a yielding temper. But the hold of that head assures us that no weakness shall accrue of its mercy. The mouth suits well, and has propriety without primness, &c.

We say he bides his time. We find he has ever done so. Humane and gentle, guileless and good, he traversed not the intentions of nature by moves and motives of false authority. All of heart service which nature designed, has been by him justly rendered to the Supreme, and to his fellows of this earth. His mental course was also good. In childhood bidable to the dictates of seniority, he commenced well; and as no step had to be retraced or amended, so his progression was regular and of constant advancement. It occurs to us, how few, how very few do indeed follow out their destiny. By destiny we mean the very opposite of the heathen idea of an irresistible fate. We see, and of the gifted more than others, that by some false leading the ardor of the infant mind is often embodied in principles adverse to its own furtherance. How often, by custom, does the superior mind bow itself to the inferior—of higher station, perhaps, or of some other extraneous and artificial predominance! But for our portrait we claim exemption from the narrowing influence of such thralldom. And the circumstance of a residence

remote from "city air" is to the youth, we think, almost as beneficial in a moral as in a physical sense, especially as combined with the means of instruction and associations of intelligence. John Marshall was born in Farquhar county, Virginia, whilst that was yet a remote and frontier settlement; and his early education was derived from his father alone, and in succession he received instruction from two other gentlemen, both of high respectability. But he never attended any public seminary; and we contemplate him, under the guidance of these few, as a *self-made* character, which epithet also implies obedience to *higher* authority, as perhaps vested in these guardians at second hand. He was formed to a character of moderated ardor, of steady, well balanced, and confiding trust. And we can almost and quite say that he had a "wise youth" as well as a wise manhood. As he was well fitted by temper and disposition to partake of the enjoyments of life, so likewise did he not withhold himself from sharing its more onerous duties. And in addition to his profession of the law, we find him successively engaged in civil, municipal, military, and diplomatic life, and always to acceptance; for no sinister purpose was mixed with his services. Neither selfishness, nor arrogance, nor cupidity narrowed and destroyed their influence, nor did ambition, or the desires of pride widen them out into unprofitable and untenable results. Though the willing servant of the public, and a true patriot, he yet "pleased not himself." We read that at the time of the adoption of our Constitution as independent states, the measures being zealously opposed, that Mr. Marshall, with other eminent men, acted with "a wisdom and prudence almost surpassing human power; and after twenty-five days of ardent and eloquent discussion, the question was carried in favor of its adoption." And whilst we read, do not "our hearts burn within us"—do not we seem to taste of their ardor, their devotion, and their happiness! At intervals, and as he could be spared, Mr. M. (better known to his countrymen as Chief Justice Marshall) retired from public life, and by industry acquired a sufficiency for comfort, ease, and sober elegance, which bounded his desires, and found his fullest delights in his domestic home, the charmed circle of intelligence, affection, and piety. Truly was he a great man—not even so much for his high offices, and great achievements, as for the singular independence and disinterestedness of his sentiments. And did we for an instant mistake him? The poet tells us that "no meaning puzzles more than wit;" and so in characters of place does *simplicity*, until we presently discern that though unwonted, it has the legitimate authenticity of greatness. And we also acknowledge that the highest claiming is not always of the best desert.

FRIENDSHIP.

THE firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

PARENTAL ADMONITIONS.

The following address was delivered by the Rev. F. M. Marzials, President of the Consistory of Montauban, in France, on the marriage of his eldest daughter to the Rev. Charles Cook, Methodist missionary, in the Church of the Carmelites, June 1, 1826.

To the short exhortation contained in our marriage ceremony, I think it my duty, considering the holy calling of your husband, to add something more peculiarly adapted to you. The ministry of the Gospel is a most holy, important, and weighty charge. Its end is to advance the kingdom of God, to propagate the knowledge of the Gospel of Christ, for the salvation of sinners, the edification of the soul, the comfort of broken and contrite hearts, and the establishment of moral order. He who is devoted to this great and excellent work, no longer belongs to himself; but is the minister of Christ, and the servant of others, for his sake. The zeal of God's house should eat him up. Conscious of the importance of his mission, he ought to preach the Gospel in season and out of season; full of Christ, he should glory only in him, and boldly proclaim the doctrine of the cross, though it should prove foolishness and a stumbling-block to them that perish. His life, conformable to his preaching, should have nothing in it in common with that of the worldling; he should be "vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach, not greedy of filthy lucre, but patient, not a brawler, not covetous, one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." Now, my dear, she who is one flesh with such a man, ought to be penetrated, like him, with the high excellency of his office; she should feel the great responsibility attached to her situation, and be convinced that all her thoughts, sentiments, and actions, should, like those of her husband, tend to promote the great objects of his ministry. O, how delightful and encouraging is it, for a minister of Christ to see his partner in life join, as far as she can and ought, in his labor; and, instead of being cast down, grieved, and discouraged, cheerfully bearing her part of the reproach that his devotedness to Christ brings upon him! And how is the Church edified and made joyful by such an example of harmonizing feelings and actions in the minister and his partner! O, how do the pious bless God for it! But suppose, my dear, that the wife of this servant of Christ, without, however, being entirely devoted to the world, should look with a favorable eye on its maxims, fashions, and customs, and avoid them only for the sake of that decency required by her husband's vocation; how could she aid, second, or encourage him? What sweet religious discourse could they have together? What holy emotions could they experience in the mutual declaration of the state of their souls, and of the grace and hope by which they are comforted and edified? Alas! between them there could be nothing like this; on the contrary, it often happens that such a wife as we here suppose, is so far from entering into the views and feelings with which

sincere piety, true Christian faith, and a regard to the divine commands inspire her husband, that she is the first to despise and treat them with disdain, and perhaps to oppose them. The fear of blame from the world, the desire of its applause and favor, render his preaching exceedingly disagreeable to her, if it do not accord with the principles and taste of the age. She is the first to be weary of that testimony which he constantly bears to the love of Christ; and if her husband change not his doctrine, nor relax in the exercise of his functions, it is not her fault; and the marriage union, formed, on her part, from motives of self-love, vanity, or other worldly considerations, is an unhappiness for both; but especially for her who has been actuated by these motives. Yes, my dear, woe to the wife of that minister of Christ, who has paralyzed his piety and zeal! The unhappy effect of her fatal influence necessarily extends to his family, where there will be only the form of piety; and his Church will have to deplore too frequently the sad consequences of it. Alas! she not only loses her own soul, but labors to destroy her husband's. Blessed be God, I have the consolation to believe that the salvation of your soul is your chief concern; and that you love, with all your heart, that merciful Savior who has redeemed us by the price of his blood. I have confidence that you desire, above all things, to make progress in spiritual life, and to experience more and more that God is good. You have seriously considered the new duties to which you are called; you have seen what renunciation of the world and yourself is required of you, and that, as a Christian woman, nothing can excuse you from taking the yoke of Christ, and bearing his burden; but more particularly, as the wife of a servant of Christ, you are bound still more and more to choose the better part, which shall not be taken from you. And in the presence of the Lord, moved by his grace, I love to cherish the thought in my heart, that with this disposition you have formed the resolution of uniting your days to those of the minister of Christ with whom you are become one. Thus you have fully declared your intention to devote yourself entirely, with him, to the service of the Lord; to join in his labors, and have the same mind and intentions in this glorious, though difficult service. Follow his advice, be encouraged by his example, imitate his zeal; and, in all humility, let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven. May God grant that you may never cease to pray, and that I may never cease to pray for you; that he may enlighten, strengthen, and help you faithfully to discharge all the duties of your new situation, to the satisfaction of your husband, and the edification of souls. Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, who lived in the fourth century, in one of his letters, congratulates himself, that his wife seconded him, by her zeal and love, in the exercise of his important functions. You know that I also have cause to bless God in this respect; and by his grace I hope that your husband will also rejoice before God on your account.

And you, whom I love as my brother in the common faith, as a good and faithful servant in the work of the ministry; and to whom I am still more tenderly attached, as the husband of my beloved daughter, and a new son, I have but little to say to you. You do not vainly deceive yourself in the character of your wife, nor expect from her a perfection without defect: such a perfection is not in nature. Then help her to acquire a knowledge of herself, so that she may see more exactly how far she is still from the end at which she ought to aim, and persevere in seeking it. Your conjugal affection, and your Christian love, will point out to you the most proper method of quickening her progress in that life which is according to the Spirit of God; and, by his grace, she will rejoice to put your advice in practice, for her own happiness, and your satisfaction. Happy is that wife, who has in her husband a man whose chief desire is after the heavenly life, as well for his partner, as for himself. With what purity of affection does he love her! With what tenderness does he give her his advice! With what kindness does he reprove her! What delicacy in his attentions! What joy in fulfilling her wishes! One would say, he lived only for her. My dear son, your well established Christian character, your strong conviction that every good disposition and feeling come from God, your perseverance in the holy practice of prayer, lead me to bless the Lord for the union of my daughter with you; and on this account I congratulate both myself and her. You will make with her but one heart and one soul in the Lord; you will love her as one of his redeemed, even as Christ loved his Church. That this may be the case, let both of you increase in the love of God, which is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost; then nothing shall ever weaken your mutual affection; nor shall you ever have the sad experience of those whose affections in the marriage state are all earthly and human. Alas! their happiness is but a momentary intoxication or delirium. Ah! how many, the second instant of their union, could wish they had never formed it; they trusted to temporal or worldly advantages, for the continuance of their happiness, but soon they prove that these produce only a temporary passion, which is followed by weariness, satiety, and disgust. Certainly vanity can only beget vanity, and consequently unhappiness and regret. But the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us, is a fruitful and inexhaustible source of all those fine affections, the mutual communication of which produces the joy and happiness of families.

Watch and pray; this is a duty, and is necessary in all circumstances and states of life. All states have their changes and trials, all are exposed to snares and temptations; and that of marriage not less than others. Afflictions are also its lot; cares, fears, and alarms often hasten to it with precipitation, and in tumult; and then if God be not with us, if he do not reign in our hearts, if we do not live in continual communion with him, marriage is a deplorable state, and we shall bitterly la-

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ment that ever we entered upon it. In affliction, those persons of whom the world is the idol, far from comforting, load each other with reproach; instead of strengthening and supporting each other, perhaps they shun and detest one another. Yes, it is doubtless painful to see even strangers insensible to our sufferings, and not weep with us; but for a husband or wife not to do this, is a redoubled and inexpressible affliction. How does it diminish the pains of husbands and wives, when, through faith and piety, there exists a mutual sympathy? Nothing can equal their encouragement and comfort. But I ought to say to you, flatter not yourselves that you shall be screened from afflictions; you will certainly experience your part. They are the portion of God's children, as well as of the children of the world. Fortify yourselves, then, against their bitterness and sting; not by human means, which will leave you void of help in the time of need, but by prayer: a proud reliance on artificial strength, or those amusements or diversions by which we hope to render ourselves insensible to our sufferings, increase rather than diminish our pain. Never rely on yourselves, but on God; see his hand in all his dispensations, whatever you may experience; enter into his designs, which are always full of mercy. Never for one moment forget, that with God, and by him, all things work for the moral, spiritual, and eternal good of those who sincerely love him. What comfort does it afford, to feel that we prefer his will to our own, and to be able to say in all the trying occurrences of life, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Pray, and such shall be your disposition and will.

My dear children, I shall rejoice to see you blessed in temporal things; but much more so, if, instead of drawing back, you advance more and more in the ways of the Lord. The most valuable riches is piety. God grant that both you and I, (who am yet so poor in that respect,) may more earnestly seek this! The fuller the heart is, the more abundant are the fruits. Purity of thought, modesty in our deportment, mildness of speech, simplicity of manners, humility in all our conduct, and charity towards all, on all occasions, are some of the excellent things that it enjoins and produces. Far from you for ever be those partial, too indulgent, or even relaxed sentiments of the age on this subject. The world apparently experience a degree of pleasure in seeing us act as they do; but in reality they condemn us for imitating them, even at a distance. As they are not certain that a worldly life is not wrong, they are charmed to find a kind of justification in the minister and his family, who aim at following their footsteps. But, as they conceive that every thing in us should be worthy of our holy calling, they feel a secret contempt for those who, through complaisance to the world, and its ways, do not live conformably to their profession. Then, fear not; by living according to the strict rules of Christian piety, you will force them to give you their esteem. If they murmur against your regularity, exactness, and severity, in the practice of your duty, this will only be in words; for in them you will have

a silent approver, the voice of their conscience. I have, perhaps, my dear children, already said too much, at this time; but, on an occasion so solemn for you and for me, is it not a duty, as well as a dictate of affection, to address to you a few words of exhortation and encouragement?



Original.

TRIP FROM JERUSALEM TO JAFFA.

BY S. T. GILLET.

THE night of the 26th of August, 1834, was one of the most enchanting that ever witnessed the departure of a pilgrim band from the Holy City. The hour of midnight had passed away. The uproar of our Arab muleteers, and the husky growl of the Egyptian guard died away upon the ear, as the city gates were closed upon us, and we permitted quietly to wend our way toward the west. The mountains around Jerusalem were bathed in moonlight—all nature was hushed in silence—not even the sighing of the wind among the rocks of Judea was heard, as our party quietly organizing took up a line of march for the ship, reluctant to leave a place of so much interest as Jerusalem, with only the superficial examination we had been able to give it. A sterile scene lay around us, rocks partially coated with moss covering the earth, without leaving a tree or scarce a shrub to relieve the monotony of the view; yet in the uncertain light of the moon, the inequality of the surface, together with the clusters of rocks, presented appearances which a fertile imagination might construe into enchanted ground. An hour brought us to the extremity of the summit level of the "Hill Country" of Judea, on whose eastern border stands the city of David, while to the west yawns the deep and precipitous valley of Elah, into the dark recesses of which we were about entering. A hasty glance at the scene behind us, where lay Jerusalem, insensible alike in moral and in natural sleep, and the Holy City at once was lost to our view. The region formerly noted for robbery and violence now lay before us; and although it became us to adopt prudential measures to prevent surprise, yet our minds were occupied with reflections naturally arising from the places we had visited; and yielding to our disposition to muse on the past, we quietly threaded our way down the sides of the valley, and across the bed of the stream which separated the armies of Israel and Philistia when the champion of Gath fell before the youthful shepherd of Bethlehem, as recorded in 1st Samuel, 17. Possessing ourselves of some "smooth stones from the brook," as memorials of our visit, we hastened onward, anxious to get clear of the mountain defiles. The unburied bodies of those who a few weeks previous had fallen in an attack of the rebels on Ibrahim Pacha, gave proof of a dangerous vicinity. On our left the hills abruptly reared their summits, with large masses of rock suspended, nearly vertical, over our heads, and which if

rolled down would carry destruction before them—beneath us on our right lay the dry bed of a torrent, while our narrow and tortuous pathway was darkened by undergrowth and projecting points of rocks, affording suitable convenience for an ambuscade. Along this track we were quietly pursuing our journey as another party slowly approached us from the opposite direction, doubtless meditating bloodshed and robbery. Unconscious of our danger, we made no preparation for an onset; but the guide, more experienced, anticipated a deadly combat, while the proximity of the robbers prevented the communication of his fears. At this juncture, the light of the friendly moon gleaming on our weapons, and revealing our number and armor, served in the hands of Providence to intimidate the freebooters; and without speaking a word each party gave the road in passing, and were soon separated by the intervening masses of rock. The dawn of day soon lit up the east, and offered its friendly aid in passing the mountain defiles of Ephraim. The summit of the dividing highlands being gained, a fountain, pouring forth its silvery stream, invited us to halt beneath the shade of some friendly olives, and restore the energies of nature. Soon a part of the company were seated on the mossy rocks with the "caterer's wallet" before them, while the more vigorous pursued their course for the plains of Sharon. Here, while breaking our fast, an opportunity was afforded to gratify a taste for interesting scenery. Indeed, our position bordered on the sublime. Far to the west lay the Great, or Mediterranean Sea, with its border of white sand marking the boundary of its waves eastward, while on its farther visible limits the sea and sky seemed to blend—Mount Carmel in the northwest, sinking into the plains of Sharon, farther south, and the coasts of Philistia lay before us—to the east and north a succession of hills and valleys met the eye, clad in drapery alternately sterile and luxuriant. At our feet opened a deep gorge issuing forth into the plain of Sharon near the ruins of Nether Bethhoron, through which annually thousands of pilgrims find their way to and from the Holy City. The plain of Sharon, in its length and breadth, spread before us, with here and there a village, and an occasional cluster of trees, reminding the western traveler of the savannas of America. Its occupants, too, sparsely settled, and predatory in their habits, may fitly be compared with the aboriginals of our prairies, by substituting the pastoral life and cowardice of the former for the hunter's life and intrepidity of the latter. Although the plain, in former ages, has been peopled by millions, and might now support a nation, it is mostly an uncultivated waste, affording a scanty support to a few indolent wandering Arabs, subsisting mostly by the pastoral life and an occasional attention to husbandry. In former ages these mountains also supported a vast population, although now so destitute of soil and inhabitants. The manner of rendering the sloping ground available, is by the construction of stone walls at different intervals along the face of the hill, affording a stair-like formation, and an aggregate area equal to

the horizontal superficies of the hill; but if these walls are neglected, the heavy rains of this country wash the soil off, depositing it in the narrow valleys below, where it forms a deep mold, in luxuriance equal to the alluvial deposits of the Ohio valley. Such has been the instability of the government for ages past, that protection was not afforded the occupant of the soil in his improvements, to prevent his stronger neighbor from taking forcible possession when his cupidity became excited, as in the case of Naboth, 1st Kings, 21. Hence, these mountains have become barren, except where wild shrubs and dwarf forest trees have obtained a hold and retain a portion of the soil.

Having finished our repast, we resumed our journey, and entered the plain of Sharon through a deep and narrow ravine, the pathway lined by rocks and undergrowth, which occasionally interlocked overhead. As we neared the edge of the plain, and approached a safer latitude, our anxiety to reach the ship broke in upon our arrangement for close traveling; and in the endeavor of one of our party to overhaul the company ahead, he slipped from his animal and fell to the earth, at the expense of a broken limb. Never was accident more unlucky. From the halt in the mountains all hands commenced a race for the ship. The restless nights, weary days, and wretched fare endured since leaving our vessel, created a desire once more to gain her noble decks. Under these peculiarities each one put his animal to his speed; and as our great number had drained Jaffa of its supply of beasts of burden, we were variously mounted, some on donkeys, scarce two cubits and a span high, others on mules, jacks, or horses, and these of different qualities, lame, blind, spavined, or perchance sound. Thus, John Gilpin like, we stretched it over the plain, covering some miles of the road with our motley cavalcade. When the officer fell from his horse, his companions were in the rear; but an unknown hand was extended to raise him from the earth. It proved to be an American missionary, on his way from Jaffa to Jerusalem. The party in the rear coming up took charge of their crippled companion, but were at a loss how to transport their charge to the ship, distant eighteen or twenty miles. Such a convenience as a wheeled carriage is unknown in Syria, every thing being transported on beasts of burden. A village being near, an unsuccessful attempt was made to buy the door of one of their huts. Finally a litter, constructed of a piece of canvass stretched out by the aid of walking sticks, was placed on the back of a donkey, with four persons to support the corners; and on this he was carried nine miles to Ramla, the Arimathea of the New Testament. In the meantime the senior officer present took command, and placed the sumpter mules and baggage with some drunken sailors under the care of a junior officer. The biped part of his charge proved in the end far the most troublesome. One of the sailors had procured in Jerusalem a bottle of *aqua ardiente*, and stowed it away in his clothing. To this he frequently applied, until becoming "top heavy," he took a "lee lurch" into the grass, determined to anchor for

the day. Here the reefer was at a stand. His companions were out of sight ahead, and he worse than alone, with suspicious looking Arabs around him, and all the baggage to tempt them to plunder, and not a rope-yarn with which to lash the sailor to his donkey. In this extremity he discovered the bottle of spirit, and dispossessing Jack of his prize, who parted with it as with life, he went ahead and tolled his troublesome charge along as a backwoodsman would a herd of swine, until he was able to navigate without such attraction. In past years the traveler moved through Palestine in great danger of robbery; but these regions having been recently scoured by Ibrahim Pacha, the risk is much diminished. Still the separation of our party, and the isolated position of the baggage, offered so strong a temptation, that we did not feel safe until about mid-day, when we entered Ramla. Here we left our disabled companion in care of the American consul, and proceeded on towards the coast, passing over the sandy plain which skirts the shores of the Mediterranean. We succeeded in arriving at Jaffa before the closing of the gates, and without any accident, other than an occasional fall from a horse, and a noisy altercation with the muleteers, who commenced their usual system of extortion, in the course of which pistols were drawn but no blood. By eight o'clock we were all on board, at so much exhausted that some had scarce strength to mount the bulwarks by the man-ropes. The distance from Jerusalem to the sea is about thirty miles, and not over thirty-five to Jaffa, as some of our party were on board by ten o'clock, accomplishing the whole journey in eight hours.

Thus terminated a week in the Holy Land, during which we saw many places and objects of interest, but much as a person lounges through a museum, with only time to glance at objects as he passes; yet our visit was profitable to all, and served to establish the believer in his faith, and even to convince the sceptic not only of the truth of the sacred record, but of the reality of the religion of Christ. The writer of this article was gratified to learn from a medical officer who had been an unbeliever, that during his attendance on the Rev. Mr. Nickolayson, then quite sick, such was the effect upon his mind. "I have," said he, "heretofore regarded missionaries as more shrewd than their friends at home, and as traveling at their expense to see the world, under color of benevolence to the heathen; but my association with that gentleman, and his amiable lady, under the most trying circumstances, leads me to another conclusion. With learning and accomplishments that would grace a drawing-room in London, they resign the pleasures of refined society, and the comforts of civilized life, and submitting to voluntary exile for years in succession, they take up their abode in the most disagreeable place I have yet seen, their lives in constant jeopardy, and without a single visible attraction, devote their whole time to the task of instructing the despised descendants of Jacob. I not only believe them sincere, but that they are influenced and sustained by principles which can only be accounted for by admitting the reality of religion."

Original.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS USES.

MAN is a religious being. He is naturally inclined to seek some object of worship. Among all the nations of the earth there is, perhaps, not one but that has its god, either spiritual or material. Man is also a rational being, and requires an object of worship suited to his exalted nature, that is, an object higher than himself—one in whose power, wisdom, and goodness, he can confide. Such is the *Christian's* God. By knowing and loving him the mind becomes expanded, and the heart purified. He fills, and more than fills, our largest capacities. Our minds cannot grasp the bounds of his infinite nature—we cannot attain to a perfect knowledge of him. Here we have ample scope for the exercise of our powers during our whole life, yea, in all eternity; and yet there will remain heights and depths unapproached and unapproachable. And this employment can never cloy; for something fresh, something new, will be continually breaking upon the mind.

Again, not only will our intellectual faculties find sweet and appropriate employment, in the contemplation of God, but our moral feelings will be improved by it. God is infinite, not only in his natural, but in his moral perfections.

He is a holy God. There is no impurity or guile found in him. In a word, he is such a character as challenges, not our wonder and admiration only, but our approbation and love.

He is altogether lovely. Now, we cannot love, laying aside his instructions, we cannot sincerely and truly love such a being without, in some degree, becoming like him. But look at the moral sublimity of his law. What power hath that to mold the heart, and form the character! Christianity, we say, elevates man—it enriches his mind and draws forth all the better feelings of his nature. But with all his lofty powers of intellect, man is still a dependent being, and requires a God that can sympathize with and help him. The wind blows not too roughly, the lightning flashes not too vividly, the wave rolls not too high, but he feels his need of aid from some superior power. In the sorrows and afflictions, too, incident to this life, he wants a *friend* in whom he can trust. But this is not the worst of his case—there are evils of a more enduring nature, from which he would be freed. His conscience is ill at ease. He is conscious of having lost his innocence, and thereby forfeited the favor of Heaven, so that now, instead of a blessing, the curse of God rests upon him. And there is a fearful foreboding of something not yet revealed. What can he do? In his distress, he looks around, and behold! a *ransom* is found. *A Savior dies.* His guilty fears are quelled; and he may now look up to God as his father and his friend. He may now seek pardon through Christ—he may tell him his wants—he may implore his protection—he may trust in his mercy—he may enjoy his love—he may hold communion with his Spirit—he may cast his very soul upon him—he may have joy in sorrow, comfort in affliction, and

hope in death. Our God is in every way suited to our wants—he can pity and relieve.

But in order more fully to appreciate the value of Christianity, let us compare, or rather contrast it with other systems of religion. The Jews have one God, but *no Savior*. Mohammedanism, in some respects, approaches to Christianity, but is wholly divested of its moral bearings. It does not address itself at all to the heart—it throws no check upon the vices of men. Its votaries seek to promulgate their theory by physical force, rather than by an effort to convince the understanding; while they themselves seek for no higher happiness—no purer enjoyment than a heaven of sensuality. What is there here to elevate the mind or purify the heart? What is there here to support under afflictions, or cheer in the dying hour? In short, what is there in their system that can *save* them? It is a system of mere earthly power—a carnal system. It lacks spirituality—it lacks efficacy; for *they have no saving knowledge of Christ.*

Again, paganism, or idol worship, is another remove in the downward scale. Here men feel their need of a God. They have some crude notion that there is a being whom they ought to worship, and to whom they may look for succor; but having lost a knowledge of the true God, they, in their ignorance and desperation, I may say, make an image with their own hands, and bow down to it. The pagan feels his guilt, and his need of an atonement; therefore, he afflicts himself, and calls upon his idol, yea, he sacrifices his child to appease the wrath of his god. What a melancholy picture! How degrading is such worship! How it brings down the noble powers of man almost to a level with the brute! But, O, it is the corruption of his heart we pity more, if possible, than the degradation of his intellect. His very gods are full of impurities, and he is taught to worship them by impure ceremonies. Still he is not satisfied—he looks around him on every side; but no ray of light breaks upon his benighted mind—he thinks of the future, and all is thick darkness. He knows not what to do; therefore, he performs penance, and sacrifices again to his god. *He has no knowledge of a Savior.*

The North American Indians, it is said, have no idols. "They worship the Great Spirit by feasts and dances." But their ideas are so confused that their light is little else than darkness. *They never heard of a Savior*; and they look forward to—they scarcely know what. Does any one inquire how came they in this condition? I suppose it was originally their fault—that all nations had once a knowledge of the true God; but as his holy laws did not suit their carnal appetites, they sought to hide themselves from him. They chose to forget God, and in process of time succeeded. But is this any reason why we should withhold from their descendants the light of the glorious Gospel? Does any look with indifference upon the heathen? Know that if any thing but God is the object of thy supreme attachment, thou art worse than he; for with all thy light thou art an idolator.

ISABELLA.

Original.

THE MISSIONARY MARTYR.

There is, in western Louisiana, on the bordering parishes of St. Martin's and St. Mary's, an uncommonly wide prairie, with its southern side lying coastwise. Here, although the temperature is never extreme, there usually prevails, during the winter, one or more chilly rain storms, which, in this bleak and bare region, leave the traveler exposed to great hardship and suffering. This place, in the early settlement of the country, was the scene of the catastrophe narrated below. A missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the name of Nolley, a very devoted and peculiar man, was, while going from one station to another, overtaken by a storm of this kind; and night coming on, his indistinct path became quite obscured, and after probably wandering for awhile, he alighted from his horse, and resigned himself to the event. The next day he was found by the way-side, *on his knees*, frozen to death—a result, however, which could hardly have occurred but for the extreme attenuation of his body, from his habitual system of fasting and abstinence. With what associations of veneration and love should his brethren of the mission regret this—*hard station!*

The wintry blast was damp and chill,

The prairie wide and drear,
When, to obey his Master's will,
And his high destiny fulfill,

The man of God drew near.
He oft this cheerless plain had crossed,
To seek beyond the stray and lost.

Where late the flowers had bloomed around,
And nature looked so gay,
No sign of verdure now was found,
And songsters of the sweetest sound
Had, frightened, fled away.
So sunshine friends no longer stay,
When adverse clouds obscure our day.

One anxious glance around he cast,
O'er the wild waste he oft had trod;
Then turning made his mantle fast,
And on his pathless journey past—
He knew it was the path to God.
Smoother and brighter it will grow
To him who trustingly shall go.

His flock are waiting to be fed,
And shall the shepherd pause with fear,
Or from his duty shrink with dread?
To him who deals the children bread,
His God is always near,
And ever in his darkest hour,
Sustains him with his mighty power.

As prayerful on his way he passed,
His heart grows warm with holy zeal;
He heedeth not the howling blast,
Or the chill rain, now falling fast,
"Till round him night begins to steal.
So saints the woes of earth despise,
When borne by death above the skies.

And now the light fades fast away,
And night her sable curtain draws;
Lonely and chill, and far astray,

No voice to guide, no hand to stay.

He makes a sad and solemn pause.
Tho' cold and wandering in the storm,
With kindling love his heart is warm.

He thinks of home, of household friends,
He never more may see;
Then from his heart the prayer ascends,
That He who "shapes our various ends,"
Their present God may ever be;
Then thanks his Master he was sent
Thus in his service to be spent.

Nature now wears her darkest frown,
Death's icy arms around him steal;
From his check'd steed he struggles down,
And bowing for his martyr crown,
Resigns his spirit as he kneels.
The traveler finds a frozen statue there,
All lowly bent in attitude of prayer.

Tho' no memorial marks the spot,
Made sacred by his dying love—
Tho' time should from her record blot
His name, his sufferings and his lot,
Yet still he wears the crown—above;
And he who would like prize obtain,
Recks not of loss for "so high gain."

CORNELIA AUGUSTA.

Original.

MARY AND THE ANOINTING.

HERE at thy mercy seat,
Redeemer, I adore thee,
Low at thy sacred feet,
My soul would bow before thee!
My hopes and fears,
My sighs and tears,
This box that I have broken—
To thee reveal
What now I feel,
My penitence unspoken!

Daughter, arise in peace,
Thy sins are all forgiven;
Now let thy wanderings cease,
And thou shalt live in heaven.
The spikenard shed,
Upon my head,
Shall be a sweet memorial;
And I appoint
It to anoint
My body for its burial.

P. P.

O, Thou, whose purity can never brook
Thy law's infraction—whose eye cannot look
On sin without abhorrence! teach us now
To lay this warning to our souls, and bow
Humbly to thee, that we may yet attain
The promised land above—that heavenly Canaan gain.

Original.

WOMAN'S SORROWS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a common opinion that the sufferings of the sexes are unequal. And the advantage is claimed to be on the side of man. But wherefore, since woman is the weaker vessel, should she be burdened with more than half the woes which beset mankind? We cannot answer. The question carries us beyond the legitimate field of human inquiry. But the fact being granted, that woman is the victim of more sorrows than fall to the experience of the hardier sex, let us inquire if her disadvantages are not counterbalanced by privileges peculiar to herself.

First. Are not her joys equal to her sorrows? Do not her griefs and pleasures bear to each other about the same proportion as those of man? She certainly has, in some instances, a depth and fullness of satisfaction which man never experiences. For proof of this, we need go no farther than the family circle. Some of the severest sufferings of woman are supposed to flow from her domestic relations. A peculiar ordinance of Heaven subjects her to fearful evils in the progress of her home cares and labors. But let these evils be ever so much accounted of, are they not mingled with the highest enjoyments? Do not her domestic delights equal all her sufferings and woes? As a parent, she certainly loves with a devotion to which man is a stranger. Her children are dear to her in proportion to the pain and toil which their being and their comfort may have cost her. She loves them with a devotion which has no parallel in the unsanctified experience of the human heart.

This fervent affection she is placed in circumstances to gratify to the utmost. Home is to her what it is not so strictly to the partner of her bosom—a place of habitation. She has no call to forsake it. She is encumbered with no avocations or business which force her away from this scene of her enjoyments.

Cornelia said, "These are my jewels." The proverb is handed down to successive generations, as though there were something in it to be admired. It may well be admired; but not because the sentiment was peculiar to the Roman matron. She expressed not so much the sentiments of Cornelia as the feelings of the mother. In this instance she was the representative of her sex—the expounder of human nature in the mother's bosom. If she differed from most mothers, it was not in her feelings, but in this, that she guarded her jewels with successful vigilance, and polished them with judicious skill. So far as affection is concerned, there are few mothers in modern times who would not claim their children as their jewels.

And how gratifying it is to be near our treasures—to abide by those cherished objects which engross our warm affections! This is the mother's happy lot. Her jewels cluster close around her, day by day, and she has but little else to do but entertain herself by com-

munion with these objects of her fond solicitude and love. This repays all her watchings and all her sufferings in their behalf. She may have sacrificed ease for their sakes; but who can estimate the revenue of bliss which the sacrifice procures her, in the form of intense, gratified affection.

Recollection supplies an example. My friend W. buried two lovely children. He had a feeble wife, who, in ordinary circumstances, could scarcely endure with impunity an interruption of one night's repose. When that dread disease, scarlet fever, fell upon one and another of the children, she was roused and nerved to feminine endurance. Night after night, for many long weeks, she watched by the couch of one and then another of the victims, with a strength and perseverance which seemed almost superhuman. The first that died was borne to its burial, when a second, much younger, and in its helpless babyhood, was smitten on her bosom.

"Where best he loved to hide him,
In that dear sheltering spot,
Just there his tender spirit pass'd
To realms of life and thought:
His fond lip never trembled,
Nor sigh'd the parting breath,
When strangely for his nectar'd draught
He drank the cup of death.

Full was thy lot of blessing,
To charm his cradle-hours,
To touch his sparkling fount of thought,
And breathe his breath of flowers,
And take thy daily lesson
From the smile that beam'd so free,
Of what in holier, brighter realms,
The pure in heart must be."

And there it lingered for weeks, fading and withering, and then at last it expired; nor could she, feeble as she was, feel weary while her little one survived. Nay, when its coffin was closed, and she could no more kiss its pale, cold lip, she was not to be hindered by any persuasion, but must follow it to its burial, and see it laid in the resting place where both, side by side, wait the resurrection.

"No more thy twilight musing
May with their image shine,
When in that lonely hour of love
They laid their cheek to thine.
But now their blessed portion
Is o'er the cloud to scar,
And spread a never-wearied wing
Where sorrows are no more;
With cherubim and seraphim
To tread the ethereal plain,
High honor hath it been to thee
To swell that glorious train."

All this while, wherein lay that feeble mother's strength? First in God; but second in the warm glowings of maternal affection, which can endure more than all human sympathies, except those which grace supplies. Sad as is her lot, that mother, should she speak as a philosopher, would testify that her gratification in ministering to her dear children, exceeded the sorrows which their dependance may have cost her, and that, too, without reckoning her transports at the

thought of their being sanctified and admitted into paradise.

It is true, as an inquisitive philosophy will have it, that man is seldom called to these offices of long continued vigilance and exposure. But his exemption is two fold; namely, from gratification as well as from endurance. His is not the mother's toil, nor is her rapture his. The two seem inseparably joined. It seems, then, that if woman's domestic sorrows are greater than those which oppress the hardier sex, she is repaid in her superior domestic enjoyments.

Second. But let us proceed to connect this question with other considerations. To meet her exigencies of severe affliction, woman is endowed by an all-wise Creator with a peculiar *power of endurance*. She seems formed for suffering rather than for action. She bears with meek composure what drives man to despair. How often is this exemplified under severe family afflictions, in which the father and husband is paralyzed, and rendered helpless, while the wife and mother is roused to efforts almost superhuman, to sustain her household, and repair its ruined fortunes. "The Wife," by Irving, presents, in shades almost imitable, the picture of such a scene. And, whether its author wrote from observation, or from fancy, the sketch is true to life.

I knew an instance for myself. An opulent citizen was ruined by underwriting for his friends. When the shock first reached him it robbed him of his senses, and he committed suicide. His effects were sold, and his business was settled up. His widow, with several lovely children struggled on in decent poverty until the issue of their trials found them still blest with the comfortable fortune of twenty thousand dollars. The children were educated. The sons entered professional life—the daughters were eligibly settled, and at this day they move in the very best circles of society, and are unconscious of any loss. If the mother had been like the father they would probably have become blots or cyphers on the page of human life.

Third. Let it also be remembered that sorrow has its moral uses. It is a school of pure religion, in which they who will may be trained for eminence among the saints in heaven. "Our light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Afflictions well improved wean us from the world. They are thorns which, by severely wounding us, make us let go the flower, and turn away from the withering attraction which we grasped. Then we can, with less reluctance, seek a higher good. Affliction is the best of earthly soils, wherein to grow those plants of piety which are more annoyed by cloudless skies and withering sunshine, than by the severest storms of sorrow.

The favorable influence of adversity upon the heart is witnessed to us in the examples of early Christians, who were persecuted even unto death for their attachment to Jesus Christ. They were buffeted and sawn asunder—they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; but they patiently took both the spoiling of their

goods, and the pains of martyrdom for their Lord and Savior. Such glowing devotion to holiness and its Author, could scarcely be, without that severe school of the graces which is found in a "great fight of afflictions."

"For He who marks us in our vain career,
Oft smites in mercy what we hold most dear,
Shreds from our vine the bowering leaves away,
And breaks its tendrils from their groveling stay,
That the rich clusters, lifted to the sky,
May ripen better for a world on high."

Fourth. Afflictions liken us to our blessed Lord. It should strengthen those who are heavily pressed with trouble, that Jesus was "a man of sorrows." The suffering female may say, "True, my heavenly Father afflicts me; but when he visits me with breach upon breach, till all his waves and billows go over me, have I not an example of severer inflictions in my blessed Savior? It pleased the Lord to bruise *him*, and put him to grief—to expose him to hunger and thirst, and the scorn of men, and the persecutions of the wicked, and the desertion of friends, and the treachery of his household, and the wrath of the rulers, and to derision and revilings amidst the agonies of death; and last of all, under so great a burden of outward woes, the hidings of his Father's face! And shall I refuse to *suffer* with Jesus, or repine because as Jesus was so am I in this world?" With such thoughts, let the sorrowful female quench the fiery darts of the adversary when he would provoke her to murmur against God and his righteous providence.

Lastly. The afflicted will find it comparatively easy to obey the summons of death, and resign a world which, aside from religion, has afforded them but a bitter lot. If affliction has served its great end, and brought them to seek diligently and effectually a heavenly inheritance, with what undivided desires will they wait till their change come; and how willingly and joyfully will they receive the messenger who approaches to effect their enlargement! His visage may be terrible, but they will overlook the grim aspect of the messenger in the joy which his errand will bring to their hearts. It is enough that they are to be conveyed from a *vale of tears* to the *mount of eternal smiles*; and as they unfold their pinions, the shadows of grief which had chilled them so long, will dissolve in the far-reaching glories which beam upon them from the face of the Lamb. To attain this deliverance, we must receive afflictions as divine chastisements—as ministers of grace. Then shall be fulfilled in us that saying, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"But God alone
Instructeth how to mourn. He doth not trust
This highest lesson to a voice or hand
Subordinate. Behold! He cometh forth!
O sweet disciple, bow thyself to learn
The alphabet of tears. Receive the lore,
Sharp though it be, to an unanswering breast,
A will subdued. And may such wisdom spring
From these rough rudiments, that thou shalt gain
A class more noble, and, advancing, soar
Where the sole lesson is a seraph's praise.
Yea, be a docile scholar, and so rise
Where mourning hath no place."

Original.

THE PAINTING FROM MEMORY.

BY MRS. M. B. HARLAN.

THE earth is cold above him—long ago
 They laid him down upon a dreamless bed,
 And smoothed the fresh clay o'er, and not a trace
 Of what with many tears was there consigned,
 Remains. For well I know his crumbling form
 Even now is mingling with the cold damp earth;
 For I have seen the freshening dew and rain
 Of many springs give birth to the young flowers
 Around his grave, and in the summer breeze
 I there have often seen the rank grass wave,
 And many times have paused by that lone spot,
 While autumn winds scattered the seer leaves round.
 The earth is cold above him; for to-day
 The wintry storm wails through the leafless trees,
 And flowerless shrubs, drifting the falling snow
 Upon his resting place; but sullen death
 And time, with their dread ravages have wrought
 No change in his dear image on my heart.
 Nor hath the sorrow that, like lava streams,
 Poured its o'erwhelming torrent on my soul,
 Effaced his loveliness. The cheek's soft hue,
 As I beheld it oft when pale disease
 Blended its fading bloom—the golden locks,
 Thrown careless back from the calm, thoughtful brow—
 The lips of a faint tinge, mutely compressed—
 Those eyes, that fatal sorrow dimm'd too soon—
 The pale hands, meekly folded on the breast,
 And that young form, beneath the fearful weight
 Of a protracted suffering, slightly bow'd—
 These I remember. But within my heart
 He hath a brighter being. There he lives
 As I beheld him ere the withering blight
 Had touched his cheek's young roses, or pale grief
 Shaded his brow—ere misery bowed his form,
 Or disappointment crushed his faithful heart.

And now a rush of glorious images
 Are brightening up from the dim shadowy past,
 Blent with the music of departed years—
 E'en now they throng, they thrill my glowing breast.
 Methinks I hear the melody of streams
 That gladly murmured round our happy home—
 Æolian breathings through the quivering reeds—
 Birds chanting sweetly through the summer shades,
 And kindred tones that rang through those bright days;
 For we were nursed with the same parent care—
 In childhood both reposed on the same breast,
 After the same voice lisped our infant prayer,
 And learned to hymn our first sweet melody.
 That voice is now as the remembered tone
 Of a crushed harp—like his, 'tis broken—gone.

But this rich halo of the past hath touched
 Even his memory with a brighter hue;
 For here he is before me in the light
 Of undimm'd beauty, with no touch of time,
 No blight, no trace of death or dark decay
 On his fine face; and I'll the canvass give

This form of beauty, these loved lineaments,
 That they may there, young, lovely, still exist,
 Serenely smiling on through change and blight,
 When this fond heart, which hath so long enshrined
 His memory, shall like him repose in dust.

E'en now, beneath my hand his image fair
 Comes brightening forth, as the young flower of spring
 Unfolds its leaves when by the south wind stirred.
 How sweet the smile upon his rosy lips,
 And the round cheeks, how deep their youthful glow!
 How calmly beam these eyes—this soft, smooth brow,
 How delicate its shade! and the rich hair,
 How like these golden tresses are to his!

O, could I make them to the fresh air wave,
 As erst when by my side he gathered flowers
 In our sweet vale, to form those bright bouquets
 That withered, emblematic of his bloom!
 And could I bring to those sweet lips the voice
 That made my heart's glad music; and the light
 To the loved eyes that was my sunshine then,
 And the pulsation to this quiet breast!

But no, we may trace out the virgin rose,
 Give it the neat proportion, shade the leaves
 With its own hues; but then the bee shall find
 No banquet there—the breeze waft no perfume.
 We can portray the landscape, but no voice
 From fountain fall, or vocal grove, can break
 Its everlasting stillness. We can mold
 The statue of the mortal—God alone
 Can give it life and soul—he shall inspire,
 Not this that I have fondly, sadly traced,
 But his frail form, within yon lowly grave
 With vigorous life and with immortal bloom.
 And I shall greet him where no blighting frosts
 Fall on the rose, nor shade blends with the light,
 Nor pain nor grief with everlasting joy.

THE CHURCH BELL.

WHEN glow in the eastern sky,
 The Sabbath morning meets the eye,
 And o'er a weary, care-worn scene,
 Gleams like the ark-dove's leaf of green,
 How welcome over hill and dale,
 Thy hallow'd summons loads the gale,

Sweet bell! Church bell!

When earthly joys and sorrows end,
 And towards our long repose we tend,
 How mournfully thy tone doth call
 The weepers to the funeral,
 And to the last abode of clay,
 With solemn knell mark out the way,

Sad bell! Church bell!

If to the clime where pleasures reign,
 We through a Savior's love attain,
 If freshly to an angel's thought,
 Earth's unforgotten scenes are brought,
 Will not thy voice, that warn'd to prayer,
 Be gratefully remember'd there,

Bless'd bell! Church bell!

Original.
ON PRIDE.

BY CAROLINE M. BURROUGH.

OF all the sins to which the heart of man is by nature inclined, the most universal and the most engrossing is pride. Whilst the age is professing education, general and specific; whilst the mind is instructed and assisted, and thousands of books are proffered to its enlightenment and its facility, yet do we see few commentaries upon the progress of the heart. The heart, which makes more than half our nature, and out of which are the "issues of life," is yet left comparatively stunted of admonition and of counsel, and is in measure given over to the rebukings of life, to the bitterness of experience, to the evils of its own waywardness, for warning or for instruction. At least, the ethical department might afford some assuagement, some salutary homiletic to this tendency of evil, to this outgoing of sin. In the pulpit the discourse is well managed to strike home the conviction of error, and to point its final retribution: faithful are the laborers, happy are they who attend—they are indeed wise unto salvation. To such our feeble voice is extended only in gratulation. But we do apprehend, that amidst the dense population of civilization and of refinement, and of religious opportunity and importunity, there are yet millions who hear not the counsel, because their ears are sealed—they are engrossed and absorbed in the world. Preaching is to them an abstract—an ordinance which it is the vogue of the time to respect and to notice, and which civility and politeness require of them to attend, without any outward demonstration of impatience or of disregard. By consistency they are conformed to this, as to the other dictates of the multitude who rule them—and so the form is served. But "God is not in all their thoughts"—so distant, indeed, that they can be approached at present only by motives somewhat of concession to their own partial view of life and of being. Of being, indeed, the inner sense of man, they as yet ken little; they have gone out into the world; they are conformed to it, and they consider rather of their relative, than of their entire and real position. Selfish though they be, they see not. But let us once win their ear, and perhaps we keep it; or give to them the clue, and step by step they may retrace the dark labyrinth of their own wanderings, until they shall emerge into the full light, and discern what *is*. I have said that we would address the worldling on his own ground, and we will so manage, if possible, as to present the fault in necessary connection with its penalty; and that penalty not final alone, but immediate and direct—the ultimate of its own action. Such illustration were to the corruption of nature a more persuasive argument than the nobler one of practicing virtue for its own sake. The love of our kind—and we mean not the coarse sentiment of popularity, but the sufficient regard of our fellow men, as a sustaining principle of our affections, our exertions, and we may add, our self-love; and though the poet tells us that "true self-love and

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social are the same," yet we are obliged to say that we take not so elevated ground. Whilst we assume that unmixed motives belong to the regenerate of heart alone, with such we have not at present to do. Yet we are all social; and one comment we throw in, namely, the vast amount of influence which popular sense has in directing our thoughts and apprehensions. Even in matters of moment to ourselves alone do we receive the bent of society at large—or worse, through the promptings of vanity falling in with the tendencies of nature, and upon a structure so insufficient in itself, is it wonder that we err, and are betrayed? And where we commit not overt sin, yet by the negative disregard in which we hold the vice, there shall accrue to the young a proportionate degree of error by this false appreciation of it. We claim the prescriptive superiority of age and observation, and, alas! of experience in the evils arising out of our subject—the practice of pride in all the matters of life. Our teaching is for the putting away this most flagrant, pertinacious vice.

We suppose that there are thousands of young persons—yes, in our republican states—who are trained up to a system of pride—who have lived all their life-long in no other practice of conduct—who do daily and hourly violate the affection, and revolt the long-suffering and forbearance of their associates, their equals and their inferiors, by its aggressions. And yet many of them are unconscious of the sin; they act by custom and prescription, and have only now and then an indistinct conception that they err. These young persons at the same time know, perhaps, in any specific case, that pride is both unreasonable and unlovely—and so bearing a direct and immediate influence against the perpetrator. Yet they hardly know how much worse it is than all this—that it is odious in the sight of God—that a downfall is denounced upon it—that retribution awaits its impending fullness! But they have not read the Book; and no Cassandra—not one of earth's daughters cries, woe! woe to them! And still the world goes on, thinking pride, unless in the guise of affront, or personality, a common matter—an unnoticeable thing. And so it hath been from the beginning, not of our Christian record alone, when Christ, the meek and the holy, came to tell us that God loves not the haughty of spirit; but ancient heathen date tells us the same story, with the same result.

To tell how the angels fell, is too signal and too high for our example. Would we tell of Babel and its catastrophe? That, say they, was a pride of compact and of audacity, an outbreak or direct rebellion—it suits not us! Tell of warrior hosts drowned in the sea. That was also peculiar—there is no propriety of application, say they. And each one, making the whole, says that; else should all of history, both sacred and profane, minister to our argument, which is the manifest visitation of God's displeasure upon this, the sin of pride; an overweening assumption of power that is world-derived. There is folly and fatuity in the very naming. A power which opposes itself to God—how profane. It must be weakness, for it is sin; and strength

in the moral as in the physical nature, doth still consist with purity. The most indomitable of human engines, the will of man, is weakness and foolishness in the sight of God. And how nearly allied is pride to that most unamiable feature of the mind—the will; what depth of depravity is in its obstinacy—what impiety in its opposition to every behest of nature and of kindness. For God's providences are still around and about us; and but for the many affectations—and pride the chiefest—our life should flow in gentler current, and pluck on perhaps to wiselier winnings in its progress. But we afford no example—our wide world range is of too broad a ken—we narrow it then measure by measure, and at every step, alas! it finds its application of fact. Everywhere do we see pride and its punishment; from the demolition of a world, the destroying of an empire, the extirpation of a nation, a country, a faction, a tribe, and finally we narrow it to the scale of a domestic household. And this too, is our proper scale of illustration, the aptest sphere for our simple and direct commentary.

The family may be either rich or poor. It is a vulgar idea that pride is a less blamable sin with the rich than with the poor; also is it a vulgar error that much more of it obtains with the former than with the latter. By rich we mean such as are comparatively so, in place and neighborhood, having a superiority of power, derived from wealth, over those about them. And by poor, we mean those whose relative position is exactly the opposite of this—the comparatively poor—for the positively poor, the needy, are merged in a necessity that for the present nullifies all “superfluity of naughtiness,” and circumscribes the outgoings of character to the narrow limits of its own immediate cravings and discontents. And the most conclusive indication of pride in such, is not of pretension, but of jealousy; and these shall be most offended at the pride of another, by reproach and envy. With “all appliances and means to boot,” we doubt not they were liable to it themselves.

The rich have a freer scope of folly allowed to them in the particular of pride, than was thought suitable in their poorer neighbors. A very questionable advantage it is; or to speak with more propriety of reprehension, an immunity it is of evil augury, of sin and of punishment. The rich might dispense with their pride—society would still respect them without it, such is their estimate of the thing. We once heard a lady declare, that “were she rich she would put away her pride.” “How magnanimous you would be!” observed a satirist. Her remark proved in what estimation she held the foible—the vice. We still speak of putting on and putting off, and indeed is pride not half so often the sin of constitution as of assumption—and thousands from infancy have its habits and practices made into them, by the usage of every day, who are not aware or at all conscious of the fact themselves; they swim with the tide, and think all common-places innocent. And yet is this scourge, this gangrene, eating into them, as it were the flesh and the bone—growing with their growth and strengthening with their strength, and nur-

tured and cherished. Ah, how hardly shall it be eradicated—it shall seem to touch life—it shall indeed be extirpated as by fire. And who is to blame, that pride is allowed to grow and to gain its head of power? To come more distinctly to our subject, and to give it a more didactic form, we will suppose the ground already gone over which treats of the experience of the poor, and which illustrates our argument in the negative, by showing the disastrous results of this most common and inveterate sin of pride.

Perhaps there is hardly a reader who, upon reflection, can claim exemption to the personal conviction of its disadvantages and of its retributive rebukings. Let such, then, as have been not only mentally convinced, but also sensibly punished in this matter, take precise and circumspect and prayerful care, and attention and practice, for their children, that they be not trained with the high heart of sin. And it is not warning alone that shall do it. Let them watch from day to day, in all of home usages; and also guard against the routine of society, that it be not made into them a rule of life. And this we apprehend shall be no easy matter. It shall require a strength of resolution and of purpose, to be every day renewed and every day acted upon, and this in resistance to its dictates of folly in the youthful bosom. Also shall it call for a strength of mind, best tested by its opposition to a derisive and gainsaying world; even they who in all their usages and all their performances set up their idol of pride, and call upon their children to fall down and worship it. Their innocent, unconscious children are apt of folly and ready victims of the snare, and greedy of the bait which entices them. Ignorant and unsuspecting are they of the bitter day of its retribution.

Every human sin awaits its doom and final audit after death. Yet none are so unobservant as to pass without seeing and feeling and knowing, the signal mortifications and punishments which during this life are put upon the outbreaks and the aggressions of pride. Whether we look through society at large, or with more precision contemplate its details, we can see by the concatenation of events in each family, and in each of its individuals, either more or less of prosperity and success as graduated to the scale of this one vice of pride, more almost than of all other sins of character together. We would remark, that although pride is denounced of God—although a “fall” is prescribed as its issue, passing over the deadness that disregards it—we would remark, yet has man pronounced no judicial penalty on its action or its access.

Perhaps in the rude state of the primitive ages, it lay an incipient guilt—the possible of unelicited humanity, and came in with the progress of refinement; for we find that the greatest access of luxury still holds with pride in its ascendant. Then, also, is it nearest to its fall. Although no formal and vindictive fiat is instituted against it, yet is there not a single act of pride without its punishment. If not by the instant resentment of the affronted and despised individual, yet the very order of society, vague and uncalculated as it is, is

commensurate to an undeviating result of this sort. By sufficient scope of time and attention shall we ascertain the fact. Do we not see these same persons, who are regardless of others, also the victims of self-calculation and conservative pride. Acting from this false principle, do they not often forego their proper walk of life, and miss the opportunities, which with more simplicity had guided them to comfort and to happiness? But they live in their element of pride, and that suffices them for all things. Look close enough at the subject, and is it not matter of admiration how this delusion blends itself with all the purposes—the worldly purposes—of all people. Tell the exceptions—they vary only in degree of guilt. One says his neighbor is proud—truth—he is prouder than himself; but they vary only in the comparative degree, for both are positively proud. And some are more conscious and prouder of their pride than others; but none, who have not “been washed,” are free of the taint.

Society, we have said, is the agent in this reaction of pride; yet do we in faith perceive the very hand of God in the mercy of his providence admonishing and rebuking us, and also hindering us in our course, that too great an amount of pride may not be the cause of our eternal undoing. For pride, in its course, walks not alone, but is the adjunct and the auxiliary of all worldly greatness. It is the concomitant, as the instigator of too much wealth—of soul-devouring avarice. And the politician desires, above all other promptings, to be sustained in his supremacy and his pride. And all the officials of state—are there any exceptions? desire a furtherance to the ultimate result of gratified ambition—the pride of place. Our civic rulers, too, do they not look at these others as patterns for themselves? Do they not say, “I prefer the place of two thousand dollars over the place of one thousand dollars; though to the latter I am competent, to the former I am not. I know the man who is sufficient to it; he is a candidate too; but if I can over-reach him through my good friends, I will do it. Then shall I be able to overstep them, and take a higher place in society. I and my children, whom I love!” Foolish man! he would build up his children in pride—but he places their feet upon a quicksand. Had he commended them to God, and put them in a course of industry, they should have always enough. And another with riches as much as he desires—for he abounds—shall despise the purse-proud man, for his pride is of family, of his ancestors. And yet pride, we should say, were a hollow sentiment to the memory of the good; but does more than honor them departed, he holds them up to his children in the place of personal merit in themselves. He teaches that they shall claim consideration for the deeds and the performances of one who has long slumbered in the grave—a soldier, may be, whose might is now crumbled into dust; or the statesman, whose eloquence once swayed the councils of a nation, though now ’tis mute and cold, and the “dull cold ear of death” is all about him. But the grave continually warns the quick, that life *now* is. ’Tis not greatness, but the

“sweet savor of the just,” that shall suffice for a patrimony to his heirs. And this they shall receive not in pride, but in the lowliness of Christian hope. There is great foolishness in the assumption of our grand-sires’ merits as our own—and it is as little applicable to the rule of our present state of being, as it is to that of Gospel truth. No man, we believe, will boast of the merit of his ancestor’s character, who does not feel that merit sinking in his own. At best, when we tell a child how great or how good were his ancestors, it should be done with nice discretion, and as a motive to the same exertion, to the same sober industry, and the same conformity to the golden rule of right—that made the man worthy to be remembered. But any claim of lineage will be derided by the envy of all such as can sustain no similar boast, and we believe is more often a fantasie of pride, than an honest homage to worth. There is perhaps an admixture of what the world calls glory in the sentiment, and this is what will most naturally attain to the youthful apprehension in its estimate.

But let us teach substantially; let us show the youth that whatever act of life has whatever admixture of pride in it, by performance or by motive, by just so much is it weakened of its efficacy, and robbed of its merit. Above this we know that there is a much simpler teaching, and one out of all comparison more efficacious if accepted, and which at once shuts out all false views from our sight, and admits not even the name of pride—even our great exemplar, our Lord, the Christ. We grant that the parent who at this date of the world shall essay to train up his child free of pride, assumes a most onerous duty—inculcates a hard and a long lesson—both shall it be. It has probably not only to teach on, but to teach off—to unwind the tangled meshes, may be, of half a life of error. And in doing it we shall see how many of the difficulties, the vexations, and the embarrassments of our course originated in the unregulated, the overweening, the continual action of pride—pride in great and in small—until by continual practice the habit has become so inveterate, that no sacrifice, no power of human magnanimity shall overcome it, or serve to outroot its bitterness from his bosom. But prayer and grace shall do it.

Yet all this sinning and suffering might have been prevented by the watchful, requiring guidance of a faithful parent. We do believe it possible for the parent in any grade of society to check and subdue this tendency in the child—and that not only as to overt acts, and the decencies of society alone, but also to conquer it to that rule of grace, that its possible outbreak shall be a conscious grief to its possessor; and in the conquest, a joy and a conviction that all other sin may also be essayed and buried in Christ. But how vigilant shall that parent be (we know not if we have ever seen such an one) who shall effect this conquest over nature and custom; how hardy shall he be who shall dare in the face of society as it is, to dictate to his child a course directly opposed to all its forms and fashions. With what admiration of wonder should we behold the

family so trained. In a family commencing from infancy, so soon as childhood should discover a taste and a choice of folly, that folly should be repressed, and each one should be taught, combining the joyousness of life with the soberness of wisdom, to forego its preferences of evil, to relinquish its desires after vain, fine, proud things; and to accept in their stead, fitness and propriety and goodness, and a conformity to Christian rule in all things. Think you that one sin shall be subdued alone? A moment's reflection affords the negative. Strip character of pride, and how innocuous were many of its now offensive traits; and along with banished pride shall we see also the disappearance of its train of supporters. Disregard the inconsiderate exacting from others—the hard-heartedness, the selfishness, the offensive pretension, and all the attendants of this unamiable and unameliorated vice. What is so exacting as pride? Does not the same bosom that harbors it detract from all its better qualities? And yet enough seems never given to the craving and its sacrifice. The baby is often taught the fairy tale of horror, how that the giant of iniquity, close in league with the devil, draws for supplies of luxury and supremacy and dominion, up to a certain date; then, if he meet not his bond—and he never does—the forfeit is claimed, and that is his soul. And almost such, should the babe be taught in the wisdom of allegory, is the rigorous exacting, if assumed, of a pertinacious and life-long pride. But our story, instead of frightening the child, shall serve by its application to build him up in the strength of faith; in that assurance which shall say, "Get thou behind me, Satan;" and straight he is gone.

But to our system of practice. Say we are a family of "condition," as it is called, or of the "better sort;" or designate us by any of those epithets which pride has claimed, and meanness has conceded, to that class which holds superiority in the station of artificial life—and this station shall have its advantages and its disadvantages as applied to our experiment, the suppressing or nullifying of pride in our children. The advantages are, that we have experienced, above those of lower place, the mistakes and the misadventures happening out of the indulgence of this vice. Few persons, indeed, are so dull or so inexperienced as not to have perceived and detected in a chain of events, the cause which has produced them—the pride, which gave impetus to many another unrighteous agency of our being.

Another advantage which persons of condition have over their inferiors, is, that having according to their means participated more largely in folly, so have they been better enabled to test its hollowness and its unsatisfying insufficiency—its positive and its negative; therefore, both plead for its suppression.

Those in the lower grades of society have also their advantages for this effort. Their families having been prevented of large indulgence of pride, of course its habits are not so fixed or so difficult of expulsion. Also, as compared with others, shall the world look with less derision upon their attempted amendment, their innovation of reform.

But suppose all these outward obstacles, these extraneous hindrances and awkwardnesses to be overcome or over-ruled, "how," say you, "shall we persuade our children to adopt ways and fashions, contrary to all with which they are associated, and also adverse to their own feelings and inclinations? The matter, too, were so very strange, the change so very great, that we hardly know ourselves where to draw the line; or when we would require enough, whether we be not indeed requiring too much; whether we shall not unfit our children and embarrass them, and surround them with impediments to their respectability and their furtherance in life? &c. And finally, whether the effort will not be of too costly sacrifice for its object?" To this last clause make up your mind distinctly, and to the whole: whether will you do it, or will you not? If you will, then God speed, and not one of your objections shall be tenable in the case. For you do it by a principle of piety, if you do it at all. And though unresolved and unaided you were likely to faint and fail; yet now you go forward in the strength of Christ, nothing doubting. Now you are sustained in the effort by faith and trust and humility and prayer, and by the casting behind you all other views of the case. Your simplicity assures and encourages you. You require of your child to abstain from those usages which are essentially of pride, and in all other cases to separate this principle as a motive from the act or the deed. Give him, according to his age, to understand the rule distinctly—and 'tis indeed but addressing the instinct of truth—and he knows at once how to judge. With as much precision as the reformed inebriate refrains from alcohol, and drinks of pure water to increase his sobriety, even so simple shall be this rule; and by this close looking the child shall be strengthened in the very wisdom of philosophy. And every body, high or low, plain or pretending, shall excuse him of his pride; so he is still docile, still retains his civility, his obligingness, his gentleness, his frankness, firmness, his courteous amenity, his goodness and truth. Not one of these could he have had still holding it—he can afford to do without pride.

But there comes a caviler. "My case," says he, "is an extraordinary one. What shall I do with the child who from the cradle has shown high and aspiring tendencies, and a spurning of common things. If we repress his ambition we have nothing left of him! he will take no other bent." Like the germ whose tendency is sunward, though you crush and crowd and place the recumbent rock upon it, yet shall it find, by sinuous course, its upward way, and reach the light. Yes, and so shall your child. What the sun is to the plant, that be you to him. The insensate vegetable but obeys its law; it is acted upon by the sun, and cannot choose but rise.

But in your child you have a larger access, a diviner approach. The attraction is the same; but unlike the plant, it has within itself a power of resistance which awaits conviction—a volition. For to man has been dispensed a portion of light in himself, which we call reason; and this, being breathed on by Deity, is a

"living soul." In your child you have a higher assurance of multiform ability. Afford to him the perfect model of truth, and the inner soul shall reach both by volition as by affinity to its attraction. Also how much of the confusion, the wretchedness, the perversion of humanity is occasioned by false models; the very essence of goodness seems changed, as it were, by its perverse application. All pride is a lie upon goodness.

But your child is of the best hope. The trifles about him are not sufficient to his ability. Give him enough to do; suit him in what is good, and he will find it proper. And as the finest gold is still the most ductile, so shall you find it easier, by proper methods, to manage this child, than one of duller apprehensions, resting in contented sloth. If his vocation is of talented ability, give him such. Surely there is no necessary connection between pride and intellectuality.

Let also another child be suited to his inferior capacity. Why does an American call himself a republican, if he will not allow one son to follow the bent of his inclinations and his ability, and become a mechanic, lest he disgrace his brothers of the professions? The writer, too, was educated in the full impression of this narrow prejudice. But time and observation have produced a better conviction of right, and of justice. How often, looking on amidst a numerous family of adults, do we see one or two waste characters, genteel idlers, who being incompetent to mental application, and having been prevented in the line of operative life, are drones in the hive. Or possessing physical energy without any methods of excitement, are sunk below themselves, into a miserable and pitiable hypochondriacism. What wickedness of pride to have thrown them away, and caused them so much suffering.

The same thing would we say of daughters, as of sons in a family. And the mixing of the higher and the lower occupations of life should not be allowed to weaken the chain of family affection: where it does, the link drops out by its own baseness of alloy, and must be repaired as best it may.

By such conduct of his children, some here, and some there, shall the wise and sedulous parent dress and trim his little household ship. Some are arrayed a-high, sail-wise for speed and progress; whilst others of just as much account, though less elevated, shall serve to steady the ship and keep it in ballast, until at last, by circumspection and humility and discretion, the good ship shall have out-sailed every adverse current, and weathered every gale of life—shall gain and gain, and finally reach the haven of its destination—where even the name of pride has never been heard, since Lucifer for its sake was hurled out of heaven.

To be satisfied with the acquittal of the world, though accompanied with the secret condemnation of conscience, this is the mark of a little mind; but it requires a soul of no common stamp to be satisfied with his *own* acquittal, and to despise the condemnation of the world.

Original.

WINTER.

HAST thou come again from the frozen north,
With unbound belt just sallied forth,
To visit the earth with thy freezing breath,
And scatter around us the shafts of death?

Ah! yes, thou art known by thy frowning brow,
And snowy wreath encircling it now;
With thy fierce, upbraiding, relentless air,
To strip our green fields and forests bare.

O'er our emerald earth a gloom is spread,
Like a funeral pall enshrouding the dead,
Where the young and beautiful silent lie,
Concealed from the light of earth and sky.

See how the last leaf is whirled by the blast,
Which tore it away, as it fiercely past,
From its parent bough, where it quiv'ring hung,
Tenacious of life, to its branches clung—
Unwilling to leave its summer bower,
And yield to the tyrant's resistless power;
Though late with such beauty and freshness blest,
It has fallen in nature's cold to rest.

Ah! how reckless of all which bloom'd so fair
In the flowery field, or gay parterre.
He throws his white mantle around them now,
Beneath which the sweetest and loveliest bow.
The beauties of nature he triumphs o'er,
From the mountain's height to the sea-girt shore.

The streams of the north are tightly bound,
That nothing is heard of their murmur sound,
Which broke on the ear in the lov'd retreat,
Like the dying cadence of music sweet.
While the feather'd choir to the south repair,
To chaunt their lays in a sunnier air.

But alas! even here thy power is known,
By the piercing winds and their angry tone;
The change which comes o'er our balmy air,
Its shiv'ring touch, which we dread to bear.

Our orange groves shrink at its icy breath,
Which brings to the pomegranite sudden death—
While with blistered petal the rose is seen,
Scathed in its bloom, though its leaf is green.

But ah! what a glorious sight appears,
As the morning sun our soft clime cheers;
The sleet which enamel'd our flowers so gay,
Reflects in each leaf the splendor of day.
The queen in her gems ne'er dazzled the sight
With a gorgeous display of jewels more bright,
Than deck our sweet plants, our snow-drops fair,
When winter's fine touch of ice-work is there.
But ah! like the queen of the diamond crown,
The weight of their jewelry boweth them down;
But this, like all other of earth's fading scenes,
Dissolves by a touch—melts away like our dreams.

SUSAN.

Original.

THE SURE WORD OF PROPHECY.

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place; until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts," 2 Peter i, 19.

MUCH satisfaction may be realized by a careful investigation of the evidences of Christianity. "Be ready always," says the apostle Peter, "to give an answer to every man that asketh you, a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear." The apostles often referred to the grounds of their confidence in the Gospel, and in giving "a reason of the hope" which it afforded them, they sometimes adverted to the external evidence of miracles and prophecy.

On the day of Pentecost Peter rebuked the mockery of those who charged the disciples with drunkenness. By referring to one of the ancient prophecies, he proved that the Holy Spirit was poured out upon them from on high. This interesting prophecy, as quoted by the apostle, is as follows: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants, and on my hand-maidens, I will pour out in those days of my Spirit, and they shall prophesy," &c. In his discourse, the apostle thus appeals to the Jews: "Ye men of Israel, hear these words: Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles, and wonders, and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves also know," &c. Thus did the apostle adduce evidence in favor of Christianity, which the multitude could not gainsay. Their attention was called to a prophecy of one of the Old Testament writers, the fulfillment of which they then witnessed—to the "miracles, and wonders, and signs," wrought by Messiah in the midst of them, which they had also seen, and to the resurrection of Christ, a fact too notorious to be contradicted, and which conclusively proved the truth of the divine origin of Christianity. Hence the power of the apostle's word; for on the day of Pentecost, three thousand were converted to a belief of the Gospel.

The apostle Paul, when arraigned before Agrippa, pursued a course of argumentation similar to that of Peter. "Having obtained help of God," says he, "I continue unto this day, testifying none other things than Moses and the prophets did say should come: That Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light to the people and to the Gentiles." Having shown that Christ came, suffered, died, and arose from the dead according to prophecy, and that "these things were not done in a corner," the apostle appeals to the king in the following impressive manner: "King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." It is by no means surprising that the king was almost persuaded to embrace Christianity, after having listened to such a vindication of its authenticity.

We may therefore say with the apostle Peter, that "we have a more sure word of prophecy." Dr. Clarke supposes the apostle here gives an intimation that prophecy is a stronger confirmation of the truth of religion than miracles. Of this, however, we are not well assured; for when we consider the miracles of Christ, that he by the exercise of his omnipotence healed the sick, cleansed the lepers, restored sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf—that he multiplied a few loaves into a repast for thousands—that he stilled the boisterous sea, cast out devils, raised the dead, &c., we cannot conceive that any but an exceedingly wicked generation would deny the sufficiency of such evidence, and require in addition to it, "a sign from heaven."

Mr. Watson, in examining the authenticity of Christianity, considers miracles as its leading evidence. And it is manifest, that the apostle Peter considered miracles as of the highest moment; hence he says, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty. For he received from God the Father honor and glory, when there came such a voice to him from the excellent glory, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with him in the holy mount." The transfiguration of Christ here alluded to, which was the effulgence of that Divinity hitherto concealed in human nature; the appearance of Moses and Elijah; the bright cloud overshadowing them, and the voice from heaven proclaiming the Sonship of Christ, were proofs of the divine authority of his mission, than which nothing more satisfactory could have been afforded. We hardly think, then, that the apostle designed to present prophecy as a more powerful evidence of the truth of the religion than miracles, by saying, "We have a more sure word of prophecy"—because the apostle seems to set forth, not so much the comparative force and importance of miracles and prophecy, as he does the infallibility of the latter. This view of the subject, we think, is sustained in the declaration that "no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Here the apostle sets forth a doctrine of great importance to Christianity—the plenary inspiration and the infallibility of the inspired writings. The sacred Scriptures are of the highest authority, having been given us by an omniscient Teacher: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God."

Let us consider the Divine Word in the light of a "sure word of prophecy." Without entering into an examination of the antiquity and uncorrupted preservation of the sacred writings, we may view the fulfillment of Scripture prophecy as affording conclusive evidence, that Christianity is of divine origin. Christianity alone can adduce prophetic evidence in proof of its divinity. To the evidence of prophecy, heathenism never made any well-founded pretensions. "Moham-

medanism, though it stands as a proof of the truth of Scripture prophecy, is itself unsupported by a single fulfilled prediction. The heathen oracles were celebrated for their equivocation and falsehood. Many were the instances in which they practiced fraud upon those who came to them for counsel. Some of the great heroes of antiquity were deceived by answers that might be differently interpreted. Cresus, when preparing to engage in a war with the Persians, inquired of an oracle respecting his success, and from the equivocal answer he received, he was induced to make an attack upon the Persians, which however proved unsuccessful. In a similar manner was Pyrrhus deceived in reference to a war with the Romans. Demosthenes charged the Delphic oracle with being "gained over to the interests of King Philip." During the wars between Constantine and Maxentius, the former gained two victories over the latter—one at Turin, the other at Verona. Maxentius, whose military resources were unexhausted, determined to hazard another battle, and upon consulting the Sybilline books, received answer that "the enemy of Rome was about to perish." Giving the response an interpretation favorable to himself, he proceeded to battle, but suffered a defeat. The difficulty of charging falsehood upon the oracle will at once be seen; for if the success of arms had turned out differently, it might have been maintained that Constantine, instead of Maxentius, was the enemy of Rome.

In the sacred Scriptures, no such equivocation can be detected. It is true that some of its prophecies are obscure, and some of them profoundly mysterious. "Clouds and darkness" envelop them, so that in view of the limitation of human knowledge, we may with propriety adopt the language of Paul, "We know in part, and we prophesy in part." But while a degree of obscurity is thrown around some portions of the prophetic writings, we have other prophecies that are sufficiently plain and clear, and their fulfillment has given most satisfactory proof that "prophecy came not by the will of man, but by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost."

It is a source of great comfort to the Christian to know that his foundation stands sure. In reading the Scriptures, and in comparing their prophetic statements with the facts of history, he finds such an agreement that he can rely with entire confidence upon the truth of the Christian religion. And if infidels deny the authenticity of the holy Scriptures, and speak contemptuously of the Christian system, the true believer remembers that the same apostle who exhorts us to "take heed unto the sure word of prophecy," admonishes us also, to "be mindful of the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and the commandment of the Lord Jesus Christ. Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things remain as they were from the beginning of the creation." How many there are, who, notwithstanding their ability to examine and weigh the evidences of this religion,

remain "willingly ignorant" of its claims. It is fearfully true, that "men love darkness rather than light." But while infidels reject the Bible, the Christian takes it as "the man of his counsel." With holy fervor he reads, prays, meditates; "compares spiritual things with spiritual," and with singleness of heart, "looks into the perfect law of liberty." While delighting in the law of God after the inner man, the light of truth and grace and love shines into his heart, and imparts "the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ."

We have much encouragement to take heed unto the word of prophecy. It is "a light shining in a dark place," illuminating the world, and saving them who believe, from ignorance, sin, and death eternal. Through it the devout Christian partakes of those spiritual comforts and graces which are the gift of the Holy Spirit.

Thanks be to God, "the day-star from on high has visited us." Jesus, "the bright and morning Star," pours light upon our path-way, which will cause it to shine "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." Jesus is "the way, the truth, and the life." He is "the light of the world," "the light of life," and having entered into his glory, has left to us the records of his will, and the promise of the Spirit, by which we may "travel all the length of the celestial road," until the light of glorious eternity shall break upon our raptured vision.

The fulfillment of Scripture prophecy in the spread of the Gospel, is a subject which, by the Church of God, will ever be contemplated with delight. And we are called upon to bear our part in the great work, that heathen nations may become "the inheritance of Christ, and the uttermost parts of the earth his possession." The present state of things may discourage us, but the inspired prophecies assure us, that "he that is coming will come, and will not tarry." He will come to "avenge his elect, who cry unto him day and night." "He will suddenly come to his temple," and his worship will be established among all nations: "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountain, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it." He will reign until he subdues all his enemies, and "bruises Satan under our feet." The prophetic writings have given most encouraging views of things that will shortly come to pass. They point us to "the stone cut out of the mountain," rolling majestically onward, until it becomes a mountain, "filling the whole earth." The period is swiftly hastening, when "the high praises of God," from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, shall meet and commingle, and the rapturous song of salvation shall be chanted by the redeemed, both in earth and in heaven. In heaven, the voice will be heard, "Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night." The Church militant will echo back, "Halleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." In view of this glorious state of things, the Church should rejoice, knowing that her redemption is drawing nigh.

Is the knowledge of God now limited to a small portion of mankind? Prophecy tells us that "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea." Does "the prince of darkness" now "work in the children of disobedience," and so darken their minds and blind the eyes of their understanding, that they cannot see the "light of the glorious Gospel?" Prophecy informs us that the reign of spiritual darkness shall cease, and that the light of divine revelation shall shine in those dreary regions upon which "the shadow of death" is now resting. Does Satan now, as "a roaring lion," prowl through the earth, seeking his prey among the fallen sons of men? Prophecy assures us, that a messenger from the court of heaven shall be commissioned with authority to chain him in the bottomless pit. Do we now discover the fierce conflicts of malignant passions, creating wars, and spreading desolation among the nations? Prophecy holds out the pleasing prospect of universal peace. "Jehovah shall make wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; he will break the bow and cut the spear in sunder: he will burn the chariot in the fire." "He will judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, until they shall beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: until nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more;" and until "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain." Does "darkness now cover the earth, and gross darkness the people?" Through the light of prophecy, we see the infernal shades fleeing away, and "Satan, like lightning, falling from heaven!"

L. D. H.

Original.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN DESPONDENCY.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

WHENCE, O my soul, is this anxious disquiet?

God is thy Father, then wherefore despair?
He ever listens, (thou canst not deny it,)

And willingly answers thy penitent prayer!
When father and mother and friends shall forsake thee,
And earth with her deepest afflictions shall shake thee,
Then under His sheltering wings he will take thee,
And guard thee from danger, and shield thee from harm.

Hope thou in God, for he feeds the young lion,

Who, when enhungered for meat, cries to Him;
He is the Friend whom my heart shall rely on,

Tho' tears of deep sorrow my mournful eyes dim!
Though father and mother and friends shall forsake me,
And earth with her deepest afflictions shall shake me,
Then under His sheltering wings he will take me,
And guard me from danger and shield me from harm.

P. P.

Original.

THE DEPARTED.*

AWAKE, awake, fond memory, from thy home,
Once more o'er fancy's sunny fields to roam;
Tell me of joys for ever passed away—
Of pleasure's beam which brighten'd to decay:
Go, seek the past, all radiant and fair,
Find one "green spot," and linger sweetly there!

O! where are they who once in beauty pass'd,
Like a bright dream, too pure, too blest to last?
Who revel'd in the hall of joy and mirth,
And seem'd too fair, too beautiful for earth;
Whose step was heard amid the festal throng,
Whose lute like voices mingled in the song?
Their last farewell is now to memory dear;
Their accents sweet still linger on my ear!
But shall I hear those gentle tones no more?
Is love's bright dream for ever, ever o'er?
Ye stars, that revel "round the midnight throne,"
Say, do they make your pure, bright climes their own?
At eve's sweet hour they often loved to gaze
Far, far away, and picture in your rays
A brighter clime than this, a land of rest,
Where earth's lone pilgrims are for ever bless'd!
O! tell us, if in your bright home above,
Our loved and lost ones sing redeeming love;
And strike their harps of gold in concerts sweet,
And cast bright crowns before a Savior's feet?

But we shall meet them yet! O yes! a ray
Of comfort glimmers through life's darksome way;
The star of promise, with its heavenly light,
Hath risen and dispell'd the shades of night;
A hope immortal through the gloom appears,
To soothe our woes and wipe away our tears!
Yes! when these scenes shall all have pass'd away,
When time shall cease o'er earth to hold his sway,
We too shall meet on that immortal shore,
Where tempests dire shall vex and rage no more!

Then farewell, loved ones! once again farewell,
Till that bright hour when death shall break the spell
That binds us here; and then, on wings of light,
We too shall soar to regions pure and bright;
Shall join the seraph bands around the throne
Of God, and "know, as also we are known."

BEHOLD! behold the wondrous scene—
A Savior's arms extended wide;
Behold the streams of cleansing blood,
And wash in yonder purple tide.

Jesus for rebels bore the curse,
Endured the cross, despised the shame;
By faith the sinner may receive
Pardon and peace in his dear name.

* These lines are from the pen of a young lady only sixteen years of age. She should assiduously cultivate her taste and talent for poetry.—ED.

Original.

THE GREEK CLASSICS.—NO. III.

BY GEO. WATERMAN, JR.

HESIOD AND ARCHILOCHUS.

IN the times of the early Greek poets, literature of every kind was in its infancy. Few nations possessed the means of preserving their rude attempts at poetry, the first species of literary composition, otherwise than by traditions; and those few made but comparatively little use of their superior advantages. Except the Hebrew Pentateuch, and two or three other books of the Old Testament Scriptures, and the imperishable inscriptions upon the Pyramids of Egypt, (if indeed these last may properly be called *written*,) we know of no specimen of written composition anterior to the time of Homer. The works of that poet constitute the foundation of all the literature of the world, which is not strictly sacred. His influence and example awakened a new spirit among his countrymen, and eventually among mankind. After him, poet followed poet, and historian orator, until Greece became the seat of learning for the world. After Homer, whose works have already been noticed, the next in order of time is—

HESIOD.

This poet was probably a contemporary of Homer, or at most, but a little subsequent to him; although it is perhaps impossible at this late period to determine exactly the time of his birth or death. It is generally thought that he was born at Cumæ or Cyme, in Æolis, and at an early age was brought to Ascra in Bœotia. His father had removed from the former place in consequence of his poverty, and remained until his death a resident of Ascra—although it seems he did not obtain the right of citizenship. His residence here, it would seem, had been profitable to him in a pecuniary point of view; for at his death he left a considerable amount of property to his two sons, Hesiod and Perses, of whom Hesiod was the elder. The two brothers divided the inheritance between them. But Perses, by bribing the judges, obtained the means of defrauding his brother, and of obtaining his portion of the estate. This baseness of the Ascrean judges may account for the severe epithets which he afterwards applied to the inhabitants of that village.

It is probable that he was a shepherd, and tended his flocks upon the sides of Mount Helicon—although Pausanias makes him a priest of the Muses at that place. His poetry evidently shows that he was accustomed to rural pursuits. The beauty of the scenery, the salubrity of the air, and all the associations of that spot, rendered famous by the supposed residence of the Muses upon its summit, together with the rural quiet of a shepherd's life—all these conspired to awaken within his soul those emotions which give life to the imaginations of the poet, and vigor to every thing within the range of his thought.

Of his death we have the following account. On a certain occasion he is said to have consulted the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, with reference to his future desti-

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ny. The Pythian priestess in reply, directed him "to shun the grove of Nemean Jupiter, since there death awaited him." Hesiod, supposing that she referred to the grove and statue of Nemean Jove at Argos, directed his course to Cēnæ, a town of the Locri. Unknown to him, this place also was sacred to the same divinity. Here he was the guest of two brothers. While here, their sister, whose name was Cremene, hung herself in consequence of an outrage committed upon her person by a companion of the poet. This man the brothers slew in revenge; and suspecting Hesiod as an abettor of the crime, killed him also, and cast his body into the sea. The murder, it is said, was detected by the sagacity of Hesiod's dog. By some it is said that the corpse was brought to the shore by a company of dolphins, at the moment the people were celebrating the festival of Neptune. The body of Hesiod was recognized, the houses of the murderers were razed to the foundations, and the murderers themselves cast into the sea. "Another account states them to have been consumed by lightning. A third, that they were overtaken by a tempest while escaping to Crete in a fishing boat, and perished in the wreck."

The works of Hesiod which remain are, 1. "The Works and Days;" 2. "The Theogony;" and 3. A fragment entitled the "Shield of Hercules." The first, the "Works and Days," is a pastoral addressed by Hesiod to his brother Perses, giving advice concerning agriculture, and the general conduct of life. It was most probably written while he was engaged as a shepherd on Mount Helicon, and before the death of his father and subsequent conduct of his brother. The first part of the poem refers to agriculture, in which he advises his brother to seek wealth by labor rather than by other means. Interspersed are proverbs, mythical narratives, descriptions, &c., which are ingeniously wrought into the poem, and all of which are intended to enforce the general subject upon which he is treating. The second part relates to navigation, which is treated of in equal detail. As the work is generally intended for the guidance of life, the poet proceeds to speak of marriage, the time when it should be entered into, and what rules should guide a man in his selection of a companion. Sundry moral precepts referring to the worship of the gods, the government of the tongue, the days on which certain things should be commenced, &c., make up the principal remaining part of the poem. "One thing," says Professor Anthon, "must be very evident to all who read the 'Works and Days,' that in its present state it shows a want of purpose and of unity too great to be accounted for, otherwise than upon the supposition of its fragmentary nature."

The "Theogony," as its name indicates, consists of an account of the origin of the world, including the birth of the gods. It contains a great many personifications. It is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it is the most ancient monument of the Greek Mythology which time has spared us. "When we consider it as a poem, we find no composition of ancient times so stamped with a rude simplicity of character. It is with-

out luminous order of arrangement, abounds with dry and insipid details, and only by snatches, as it were, rises to any extraordinary elevation of fancy. It exhibits that crude irregularity, and that mixture of meanness and grandeur, which characterize a strong but uncultivated genius."

The remaining work is but a fragment of a poem, written in celebration of the heroines of antiquity, and those who have become the mothers of gods and demigods. It derives its name, "The Shield of Hercules," from a lengthy description of the shield of that warrior which it contains.

As a writer, Hesiod has been variously estimated. Some parts of his productions are wearisome and insipid; while others are full of the genuine spirit of poetry. Quintilian places him at the head of writers of the second class. Virgil has acknowledged that in the composition of his *Georgics* he followed the "Works and Days," as a model of pastoral poetry—thus indirectly giving it the highest eulogium in his power. In this poem are found many passages which are remarkable for their sweetness and beauty. Speaking of the description of the battle of the gods, which is perhaps one of the finest passages from the pen of Hesiod, Elton, in his edition of his works, says: "Milton has borrowed some images from these descriptions; and the arming of the Messiah for battle is obviously imitated from the magnificent picture of Jupiter summoning all the terrors of his omnipotence for the extirpation of the Titans."

ARCHILOCHUS.

We now come to a writer of very different character from the last. Archilochus was a native of Paros, an island in the *Ægean* sea. His father, Telesicles, was one of the most influential men of the island; but his mother, whose name was Enipo, was a slave. His father, while Archilochus was a youth, in obedience to a Delphic oracle, led a colony from Paros to Thasos, another island of the *Ægean*, about 250 miles north of the former. This expedition Archilochus accompanied. Here he probably remained several years. In a battle between the Thasians and Thracians, the former were defeated; and in a disgraceful flight, Archilochus, to save himself, threw away his shield. For this act, so despicable in the eyes of every true Greek, he was never forgiven. In a subsequent visit to Sparta, he was ordered by the magistrates to quit the city immediately, they not being able to endure the presence of any one so weak and cowardly. His whole life seems one continued scene of misfortune; or if at any time the cup of bliss was presented to his lips, the next hour dashed it from them, and left him in the bitterness of disappointment and mortification.

The situation of things at Thasos becoming desperate, it would seem that he left that island and returned to his native Paros. Of his subsequent history we know nothing certainly, except that he lost his life in a war between the Parians and the inhabitants of the neighboring island of Naxos.

As a writer, Archilochus was esteemed by the Greeks

as second to none, not even Homer. He is generally acknowledged as the inventor of the Iambic verse. Ancient writers attribute the invention of several other kinds to him also. But the proof is wanting. The Iambic verse was well adapted for rapid and vehement thought, and hence well suited for satire—the kind of writing in which Archilochus especially excelled. The keenness of his sarcasm was unequaled. The misfortunes of his life produced no other effect than to sour a temper naturally ardent. Believing all mankind his enemies, he made them so by the bitterness with which he assailed them in his writings. As an illustration, ancient writers relate the following anecdote, which, perhaps, is as worthy of credit as most of those times. While he resided at Paros the charms of Neobule, the beautiful daughter of Lycambes, won his affections. A more wealthy citizen of the place was also a suitor. Interested motives, and perhaps also the advice of her father, led her to break her plighted faith to the poet. Thenceforth she became the object of his most relentless hatred and bitterest satire. "He loaded her with charges the most opprobrious to her sex, and pursued both her and her parent with such merciless invective, that they were happy to find a refuge in suicide from the scorn and infamy to which they were exposed by the vengeance of their unrelenting persecutor." Others were alike made to feel the keenness of the viper's tooth, which he carried with him wherever he went; but not with the same fatal consequences.

His poetry, besides being thus marked by satire, was often also extremely licentious. So much was this the case, that the authorities of Sparta, on a certain occasion, forbade it being introduced into their city, lest it should corrupt the youth, and thus unfit them for the toils and hardships of a military life!

While as a man he was despised, as a poet he was, by many, held in high estimation. Those productions of his which were not liable to censure from the last mentioned reason, were generally commended. He wrote one piece, a hymn in honor of Hercules, and entitled *Kallinikos*, (Καλλινίκος,) which he himself recited at the Olympic games, and for which he obtained the highest prize. This piece, after his death, was solemnly recited every year at these games, in honor of the victorious champion.

Only a few fragments of this poet have escaped the destroying hand of Time. Almost all his works have perished in the general wreck of ancient literature. But whether the world has lost any thing really valuable in their destruction, is a question which we are not prepared to answer.



If the weakness of the head were an admissible excuse for the malevolence of the heart, the one half of mankind would be occupied in aggression, and the other half in forgiveness; but the interests of society peremptorily demand that things should not be so; for a fool is often as dangerous to deal with as a knave, and always more *incorrigible*.

Original.
DEITY AND NATURE.*

BY W. F. LOWRIE.

LEAD, which was known to the ancients, rarely occurs in its native state; and when it does, its crystals are regular octahedrons, but its more ordinary forms are delicate membranes, and small globular masses. This species has been found in small quantities on the Auglaise river, in Michigan, forming thin filaments in the joints of galena. The sulphuret of lead, or as it is commonly called, galena, supplies all the lead of commerce. Its primary crystalized form is the cube; it also puts on a variety of reticulated, tabular, and other imitative shapes, and is massive and granular in its structure. Streak and color pure gray, fracture flat subconchoidal. When pure, it contains sulphur 13.34, lead 86.66. When before the blow-pipe it decrepitates, unless heated cautiously, when it fuses, gives off sulphur, and leaves a globule of lead.

Throughout Europe and America galena occurs in beds and veins, both in primitive and secondary rocks. At Freyburg, in Saxony, it occupies veins in gneiss; at Clausthal and Neudorf in the Hartz, and at Przibram in Bohemia, it traverses similar veins in clay slate; at Sala in Sweden, it forms veins in primitive limestone; through the graywacke of Lead-hills, and the killas, or slate-rocks of Cornwall, are disseminated veins of this ore; and in transition or mountain lime-stone, are found the rich repositories of Derbyshire, Cumberland, and the northern districts of England, as also those of Bleiberg and the neighboring localities in Carinthia. The most extensive deposits of this ore in the United States, and probably in the whole world, are found on the banks of the Mississippi river, from the Arkansas to Prairie du Chien. The ore occurs in limestone, and is also disseminated in clay. The following is a description of the mines as they appear at Potosi:

"The shafts descend perpendicularly through a tenacious clay, intermixed with masses of sulphate of barytes, and sulphuret of lead; a soft gray rock of calcareous particles (termed by the miners a sand-stone) succeeds, which with a very uneven surface lies horizontally, and has numerous drusy cavities, lined with minute crystals of quartz, and is traversed by veins in which these crystals occur, intermixed with barytes and galena. It is succeeded by red clay, barytes, &c., similar to the former; and near its surface, and sometimes in it, and sometimes in the red clay, the largest quantities of lead have been found."

The lead is so very abundant that large shafts are seldom excavated; but if mining becomes difficult, new locations are selected where less labor is required. The mines of this extensive region furnished from the year 1821 to 1833 inclusive, 63,845,740 lbs.; since which period it has very much increased. Galena is also found in Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, most of the New England states, Virginia,

and doubtless will be in the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains, which run through the southern and southwestern states.

Lead is soft, flexible, inelastic, ductile and malleable to a considerable extent. In tenacity it is inferior to all ductile metals, and fuses at about 612° Fah. Its peculiar qualities admirably adapt it for the uses of man in his domestic and economical operations. By means of tubes made of it, he avoids incurring the immense cost and labor which the ancients were at, in constructing their mighty aqueducts for the conveyance of water; and if it are formed combinations with other metals, which are highly useful in the arts. To it, as well as to iron, copper, silver, and other metals, the medical art is much indebted for the valuable aid it affords, while to the painter it yields an important pigment, under the name of white lead.

Copper was well known in ancient times. It occurs native, and in combinations with a great variety of substances, of which the sulphuret is the most common form. It is distinguished from all other metals, except titanium, by its red color; it takes a considerable lustre by polishing; its density when fused is 8.895, and is increased by hammering. It is both ductile and malleable, and in tenacity is inferior only to iron. Its hardness and elasticity confer on it the property of sonorousness; hence in combination with tin, it is extensively used in the manufacture of bells. Copper occurs in beds and veins accompanying its various ores, and sometimes associated with iron. It also is frequently found in loose masses imbedded in the soil. It abounds in Norway, Sweden, Hungary, England, the Uralian mountains, Siberia, Chinese Tartary, and Japan. Several islands between Kamtschatka and America produce masses of the native metal; it seems, indeed, common to all countries in a zone of 45° of latitude around the north pole. But it is found also on the other side, over all the south of Africa, from Congo to the Cape of Good Hope, in Madagascar, the southern extremity of America, and Brazil. This metal has been found native throughout the red sand-stone region of the United States, particularly in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and more abundantly in New Jersey, where it has been found in different places in fine crystalline masses. A magnificent mass was found near Lake Superior; and Mr. Schoolcraft describes one on the Ontanawgan river, which in 1821 weighed about 2200 lbs. A survey of the shores of this lake has recently been made, and the discoveries of mines of copper ores are exceedingly gratifying. They have been traced for more than one hundred miles, and found on analysis to be of the richest kind.

Copper is extensively used in the arts. In its pure state it forms a variety of instruments and utensils, and amongst other uses, a sheathing for ships. Alloyed with tin it forms brass, and furnishes to the watch-maker, the mechanical philosopher and geometrician, many instruments of exquisitely delicate workmanship, and at the same time, of great durability.

Tin was known to the ancients, and was by them

principally obtained from Cornwall. It occurs in the states of an oxyd and a sulphuret, which latter is associated with copper, and termed tin pyrites. Tin, when crystalized, assumes the form of the right square prism. It has a color varying from brown or black, to red, gray, white and yellow, and an adamantine lustre. It also occurs in imperfect crystalizations of numerous forms, but most commonly granular. Pure tin has a white color, and the metallic lustre of silver. It possesses the property of mallability to a considerable degree, as common tin foil does not exceed 1.1000th of an inch. Its tenacity and ductility are not so great as in many other metals. It is soft and elastic, and when bent backwards and forwards, makes a peculiar crackling noise. This ore is met with in veins traversing granite, gneiss and mica slate. When the fissures in mountains expose the veins of tin, and the action of the elements bring portions of the ore down into alluvial soil, it is termed stream tin, simply from being separated from the soil and rocky debrit by streams of water.

Tin is found in Bohemia, Saxony, Galacia, Greenland, the peninsula of Malacca, Japan, and the island of Banca in Asia, and slightly in Brazil. Cornwall in England is however the great commercial emporium of tin, which it has been from the remotest ages—the Tyrians having in the days of Moses, 1500 years A. C., traded to it for their metal. These mines now afford 4000 tons of tin per annum, the average value of which is \$1,350,000. The purest metal is obtained from the stream ore, which often yields 70 per cent. Small quantities of tin have been found at Chesterfield, Mass., and it is said that a mine of it has recently been discovered in Maine. Copper and iron, when exposed to the action of air and water, oxydize freely; and the oxyd of copper is highly poisonous, and that of iron disagreeable. Tin, when melted, is run over the inner surfaces of vessels made of these metals, and as it does not easily oxydize, protects them from the action of the corrosive agent, and thus renders them much more valuable to man. It also, with mercury, forms the amalgam used in the construction of mirrors.

In order to a thorough comprehension of the argument in favor of benevolent design in the structure of the universe, which is furnished by metallic substances, it is necessary to take into our consideration, that man was intended to become a civilized being while an inhabitant of this world. That it was to be the school in which not only individuals, but nations collectively, and all mankind *en masse*, were by the controlling force of moral and physical laws, to be improved and fitted for higher states of moral and intellectual duties and enjoyments. With the immense population which even now exists on the earth, a state of civilization such as is now practiced, could not be carried into effect, unless some other means of providing for the physical wants of man were discovered than those produced by the soil or waters. There have been, and there still are nations on the earth, who derive their subsistence only from agriculture rudely practiced, pasturage, hunting and fishing; but their populations are not numerous,

and wherever they become too much so, must be emptied by emigration, or some of those numerous diseases which ever attend on a crowded and indigent people. Metals are subservient to the civilization of man; first, because the labor of obtaining the ores, separating and preparing them for use; the manufacture of them into their various forms to suit them for the purposes for which they are ultimately intended; whether for coin, instruments for the use of the farmer, mechanic, philosopher, or for complicated machines, which, performing the unnumbered operations of our multiplied manufactures, give employment and the means of subsistence to a much denser population than could be otherwise supported on the same extent of earth.

A second mode is by the manufacture of different kinds of articles, suitable for use and ornament. They minister to man's comfort and pleasure. Compare if you will, the wigwam of the savage chief and the civilized man. In the one you behold a few skins for his bed, a rifle, and some other offensive or defensive arms, and a very few domestic utensils or instruments of comfort; on the other hand, metals and manufactures have given man many domestic comforts he could not otherwise have enjoyed. To metals, his house, if of wood, is indebted for the iron that secures; if of stone, to the same, which cuts it out and shapes it. Many of the utensils used in it are either wholly or in part composed of iron, copper, tin, &c. His furniture can only be made, and must be in part held together by a metal. Nor can the ornamental part of his habitation be divested of metallic presence, from the time-piece that tells the moments as they fly, to the mirror that shows back his own form and features, as they change from manhood to the dust.

The valuable qualities possessed by the metals, show that they were intended for the use of man; or otherwise why should they have been endowed with ductility, mallability, tenacity, hardness, and the power of resisting the action of oxygen on their surfaces in proportion to their quantity and consequent value? Without gold and silver as the medium of exchange, how could commerce extend her wings from one end of the earth to the other? No other metals possess such suitable qualities for this purpose. Copper and iron would be too heavy, not sufficiently valuable, and too liable to oxydize; similar objections might be urged against all others.

The properties of metals mentioned above, as tenacity, &c., are possessed in various degrees by different metals, so as to adapt them to the use of the human race. The difference in the amount of heat necessary for the fusion of different metals, affords several instances of this fact. Thus iron and copper both possess mallability and hardness sufficient to form a variety of useful utensils; but without great care, by the action of moisture in the atmosphere, the former rusts, and the latter forms a green oxyd on its surface, which is highly poisonous. Tin, however, being fusible at lower points of temperature, and having a disposition to unite and form an alloy with the other metals, is applied as

a coating to the surface, and thus averts the threatened danger.

Destitute of metals, it would have been impossible for man to have extended his investigations into the various departments of philosophical knowledge. What other instruments could he have constructed to supply the place of the mariner's compass, theodolite, telescope, air pump, and a variety of others of equal value, without which it would have been impossible for him to have obtained even a small fraction of his present knowledge of nature, or power over the elements?

Metals possess the property of uniting together when in a state of fusion, and thus forming alloys which are frequently more valuable than the simple metals themselves. Shall we instance, as examples, brass and bell metal, which are compounds of copper and tin. Another advantage of the alloy is that it is more readily fusible, than either of the two metals, and in many cases acts as a bond of union between them, as the solders used by the jeweler, and copper and tin worker. The quantities in which the several metals are found in the crust of the earth, is also worthy of our notice. Gold, silver, mercury, are comparatively thinly scattered among the rocks; hence, from their scarcity, they become more valuable. Iron, copper, lead, and tin, being suited more to the manufacture of vessels, instruments, and articles of constant use to man, are diffused with a more liberal hand. There is hardly any country on the globe which does not contain iron sufficient for its own consumption.

The manner in which the metals are deposited on or among the rocks, serves to strengthen the argument of benevolent design. They are not thrown without order about in the crust of the earth, but the more common and useful, as iron, lead, and copper, occur in mountain masses, beds, and veins, which are sufficiently easy of access; while the precious commonly lie at greater depths, and require for the procuring and extraction from the ore more labor. Does it not clearly appear to the candid inquirer after truth, that such substances, possessed of so many useful properties, placed in such favorable situations, and ministering so beneficially to the necessities and comforts of our race, could never have been so constructed, unless by a wise and benevolent designer? To the humble believer in the general and especial providence of the Almighty, an acquaintance with this, as well as every other part of nature, will impart a stronger trust and confidence in the infinite charities of him who spake this universe into existence; and while his care extends to all the unnumbered worlds that roll throughout immensity's vast range, it ever watches with a father's eye, and supplies with a bounteous hand the necessities of every creature he has formed.

If you are under obligation to many, it is prudent to postpone the recompensing of one until it be in your power to remunerate all, otherwise you will make more enemies by what you give, than by what you withhold.

Original.

NIAGARA ABOVE THE FALLS.

BY REV. WM. WINANS.

HAIL, beauteous child of mighty inland seas,
Niagara! Smiling, thou glidest on,
With ample tribute, to Ontario's lap.
Calm is thy bosom. Brightly imag'd there
The radiant face of heav'n; and near thy shores,
In pictur'd loveliness, thou show'st how fair
The rocks, and trees, and flow'rs upon thy bank.
Nor beauteous only—strong and active, thou
Bear'st in thine arms the wealth of social states,
Who interchange superfluous joys; and firm,
Thou barr'st contending nations, who would shed
Each other's blood. Yet be not proud; though fair,
Active, and strong, and doing good to man,
Soon shall thy fortunes change—soon thou must be
Despoil'd of beauty, crippl'd, and derang'd,
A sight of terror, shunn'd with heedful care.
The heav'ns shall see their visage imag'd back
Distorted, hideous, broken, and thy waves
Lash'd into fury, dash'd from rock to rock,
No more shall show the beauties of thy banks.
And thou, disorder'd, madd'ning, thus shalt rush,
With headlong fury, on to meet thy fate.
Unmark'd, abrupt, the precipice's edge
Is just before thee. There, forlorn, thou'lt plunge
Down, down the fearful steep. Thy groan shall shake
The solid, steadfast earth, thy tears o'erspread
With clouds the face of heav'n, and thou, thyself,
Mangl'd and writhing, lie a wretched thing,
Broken, dismay'd confounded.

And thus man,
Gay, thoughtless, eager man, runs blithely on,
Rejoicing in his strength, vain of his wit,
Exulting in his worth, till stern misfortune,
Ruthless disease, or with'ring age proclaims
The doom that waits him in a thoughtless hour,
And comes unlook'd for, e'en though long foretold
Then plunges headlong into the abyss
Of darkness, whence his groans arise to tell
His ruin'd fate, forsaken of his God.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A BUTTERFLY bask'd on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow:
"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy die,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye,
Must sleep in the church-yard low?"

Then it lightly soar'd through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings:
Would'st thou call the bless'd one back?"

HOPES AND TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

WORDS BY WILLIAM CUTTER, ADAPTED TO MUSIC COMPOSED BY MOZART.

[From the "Parlor Melodies."]

Life let us cher - ish, while yet the ta - per glows,

And heavenly trea - sures grasp ere it close.

In vain we seek for earthly bliss ; The plants of joy, the fruits of peace, Can

nev - er grow in soil like this. Place all thy hopes in heaven. D. C.

2
Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.
Our hearts in vain to riches cling ;
Our gems are dim ; our gold hath wings,
And, when possessed, no comfort brings.
Lay up thy wealth in heaven.
2

3
Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.
Set not thy heart on earthly fame ;
Its highest gift's an empty name,
That quickly fades or ends in shame.
True glory comes from heaven.

NOTICES.

DOMESTIC DUTIES; or, Instructions to Young Married Ladies on the Management of their Households, and the Regulation of their Conduct in the Various Relations and Duties of Married Life. By Mrs. William Parkes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1838.—This is the tenth American edition of a work which should be carefully consulted by matrons, and such as have the charge of households. Its general divisions are the Social Relations, Household Concerns, the Regulation of Time, and Moral and Religious Duties. It affords instructions on all points, great and small. Here the inexperienced housewife may find lessons for herself and children concerning society—on gossiping and scandal—on conduct towards relations—on temper towards husband, children, and servants—on forms of visiting—on economy and improvidence in dress and furniture; and on liberality, benevolence, presents, and fashions. Then comes another section on the choice and management of servants; on the example due them; on their wages and gifts from visitors; on cooks, housemaids, laundresses, &c.; on the nursery, family linen, and on marketing and provisions, such as preserves and pickles, and such *littlenesses*, which are all important, and the composition of home comforts and joys. Early rising, together with the avocations and pleasures suited to each part of the day, as reading, drawing, music, &c., are severally noticed; and last of all, there are some concluding remarks in favor of our holy religion.

Although this book contains much instructive matter, we cannot recommend it without a word of caution to the reader. "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Much of it is good—very good. But when it recommends games and dancing as amusements in families, we promptly demur. If any inquire what we would substitute, we unhesitatingly answer, if nothing better suggests itself, turn the party into a prayer meeting. Do as Martha and her sister and Lazarus did when Jesus was their guest; and they sat with holy admiration, listening to the "gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth." How the author of this work could reconcile these trifling amusements with the following remarks we cannot conceive.

"I lament my inability to express to you, as forcibly as the subject demands, the value of habitual piety. To regard our Creator as also our benefactor and friend, to whom we refer all the blessings and pleasures we enjoy; to live under the consciousness of his omnipresence; to rely without doubting, that so long as we continue intent on well-doing, he will never utterly forsake us; and to have our hearts always prepared to worship, and our lips to praise him, will produce so pleasurable and composed a state of mind, that to neglect its attainment can only be considered as an act of self-denial worthy the character of human folly."

Surely the quadrille which she recommends would be a poor preparation for that devotion which she thinks should be habitual and unremitted. That part of the work which treats of religion is liable to very serious objections. With all these defects the work is valuable, and would be a useful directory to the duties of female domestic life.

WEALTH AND WORTH; or, Which Makes the Man? New York: Harper & Brothers.—This anonymous production is the first of a series, of forthcoming "American Family Tales." American! This is its first commendation, and we will infer thence a right frank augury; for we have too long waited on England, Scotland, and even Catholic Ireland for our supplies of food for the mind, and even traveled thence to the continent, and pressed all languages into our service, content, to our shame, with awkward translations, rather than stoop to home productions. As to tales, we have no preference for that particular form of composition, and sincerely hope the time may come when truth will attract by its own charms, and not by borrowed shades and dresses. But if we must have tales, these are likely to be of the very best sort. The advertisement says:

"To infuse an earnest, independent, American spirit, uncontaminated by intolerance toward other governments and nations—to encourage a taste for gratifications of the intellect in preference to those of the senses, without forgetting the superior importance of the inculcation of those principles of action,

which a reverential faith in the divine origin of the Christian code of morals enforces—such will be the paramount objects regarded in the preparation of these tales."

In truth, this is a book of pure morals, and aims, with promise, to inspire in the American bosom a love of modest independence, of mental toil and entertainments, and of the principles and institutes of our holy and blessed Christianity. Its style, descriptions, characters, and plots are lively and taking; and from this specimen, we doubt not but the "Family Tales" will be read and talked of, even in these hard times, half over the continent. As a specimen of the author's power of description, see how the fourth chapter commences.

"The little village of Capeville in Massachusetts is well known to many, who, during the summer months, visit the celebrated promontory of Nahant, where a fresh breeze from the ocean may almost at all times be enjoyed. It is to a small cottage in Capeville, that I have now to take my readers.

"The cottage stands in a retired lane that branches from the main road, and is bordered by venerable elms, which indicate that the avenue once led to a mansion of some importance. The building is one story high, plainly constructed, with a small portico in front, with trellis-work for the honeysuckle to clamber up. A small yard inclosed by a fence intercepts the dust of the road, although, as the latter is not a thoroughfare, there is little occasion for such protection. A hill of gentle ascent rises just behind the house, as if to shield it from the bleak airs of the sea. If you climb this hill, and pass through a grove of stunted pine-trees over a sandy and barren soil, you come suddenly upon the brow of another acclivity, from which you behold the broad Atlantic breaking, flashing, and foaming upon a smooth, level beach not more than a mile distant."

AN EPILOGUE OF THE HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY, translated from the French by C. J. Henry, D. D. Harper & Brothers: Family Library, No. 144.—This is an excellent work. A glance wins it a clear verdict. It is historical and expository. Scarcely a name can be found in the records of theories, true or false, in government, science, arts, morals, or religion, but is here noticed historically, and dwelt upon briefly in the form of philosophical or ethical inference. This is a book for daily, common, and comfortable use. It will suit the young for instruction, the mature for reference, and all sorts of readers to freshen in the mind faded recollections. It should be introduced immediately as a text-book in all our schools, academies, and colleges. It is adopted by the University of France for instruction in its colleges and high schools. And we say to the reader, whoever she may be, if you propose to read any thing beyond your Bible and hymnbook, be sure you read this. Men, women, and children (if not too young) are equally suited in this Epitome. Here, they will find a plain exposition of the Hindoo, the Chinese, the Persian, the Chaldean, and the Greek philosophies, as well as of the various systems which have prevailed during the Christian era.

LETTERS TO YOUNG LADIES. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the sixth edition of a work prepared by its gifted and excellent author for the instruction of young ladies. She says in her preface:

"I have been requested to address a few thoughts to the youth of my own sex, on subjects of simple nature, and serious concern. The employment has been pleasant, for their interests are dear to me; and several years devoted to their instruction, have unfolded more fully their claims to regard, and the influence they might exercise in society. Should a single heart, in 'life's sweet blossoming season,' derive, from this little volume, aid, guidance, or consolation, tenfold satisfaction will be added to the pleasure with which it has been composed."

Mrs. Sigourney does not dwell at length on household duties, but rather aims to promote the cultivation of the mind and the heart. She writes on Religion, Knowledge, Industry, Health and Dress, Sisterly Virtues, Books, Friendship, Conversation, Benevolence, and Self-control. In her letter on Benevolence she says:

"Lord Bacon, that star of the first magnitude, among the constellations of mind, says, that he early 'took all knowledge to be his province.' Will you not take all goodness to be your

province? It is the wiser choice, for 'knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.' Knowledge must 'perish in the using,' but goodness, like its Author, is eternal.

"Dear young friend, whose eye, undimmed by the sorrows of time, is now resting upon this page, suffer me, from the experience of an older and earth-worn traveler, to urge you to *bind yourself an apprentice to the trade of doing good*. He will be your Master, whose 'mercies are new every morning, and fresh every moment.' He will give you a tender and sustaining example, who came to 'seek and to save that which was lost.' They, too, will be your teachers, those bright-winged ministering spirits, who hold gentle guardianship over us, their weaker brethren, lest we 'dash our foot against a stone,' whose harps are tremulous with joy when one sinner repenteth. The wise and good of all realms and nations, those who have gone to rest, and those who still labor, you may count as your companions, a vast and glorious assembly.

"Resolve, therefore, *this day*, that you will not live exclusively for your own gratification, but that the good of others shall be an incentive to your studies, your exertions, your prayers. If you will be persuaded thus to enroll yourselves among the students of Heaven, consider attentively your own powers, situation, and opportunities of doing good."

This book should be read by all *young single ladies*. It would be to them what Mrs. Parkes' production is to married ladies.

GUIDE TO CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. *Boston: Edited and Published by T. Merritt and D. S. King.*—This most excellent monthly continues to advocate the evangelical doctrine of entire sanctification. Its recent numbers have, if any thing, increased in interest. Mr. Mahan's reply to Dr. Woods appears in the last number, and it is, far beyond our hope, satisfactory, and, we should suppose, conclusive. We feel solicitous that the "Guide" should have an extensive circulation.

THE MOTHER'S MAGAZINE, *New York*, is a monthly of sterling merit. It answers its title. On the first of January it commenced its tenth volume. Mrs. A. G. Whittlesy, Editor.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT, and Young Lady's Friend. *Boston: Edited by William C. Brown;* is also contributing important aids to the formation of female character, and the execution of woman's sacred trusts. It is principally reprint, but contains some excellent original articles from well known writers.

THE PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, *devoted to the Instruction and Amusement of Young People of both sexes. Edited by Miss Coxe. Cincinnati.*—The first number of this new monthly was issued in January. It is designed for children, or very young persons. Nearly all the articles are from the pen of the editor, and evince great skill for the duties of her station.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE OHIO LUNATIC ASYLUM. *December, 1841.*—This shows the average number of patients, during the year 1841, to have been 143. Whole number admitted 343. Males 186; females 157. Of these 171 were single, and 135 married. The number discharged was 301. Of these 124 recovered, 28 were incurable, and 36 died. Per cent. of recoveries, 61.69.

PARLOR MELODIES.—This is a collection of original and selected pieces of music for the piano and the organ, adapted to a series of moral and religious songs. Arranged by Mrs. M. B. Loyd and Miss M. E. Baily. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* This is a neat quarto of more than one hundred pages. We are pleased to see that the parlor will now be accommodated with songs which can be innocently used for the entertainment of its guests. Fashionable music has contributed its share of influence towards the corruption of public morals. A reformation is as much needed in this matter as in the use of ardent spirits. There are many causes operating to produce that deep-seated and wide-spread depravity, which now threatens the ruin of the republic and the destruction of all confidence between private citizens. Let Moore, and Byron, and Bulwer, be the favorites of our sons and daughters, and form their parlor and their chamber companions, and no more will be necessary to effect the overthrow of our institutions, and annihilate the

securities of our freedom and happiness. The authors of this work are probably of the same opinion. They say, in their preface:

"Lessons in music have come to be almost necessary to complete the education of a young lady. Yet, the moment she sits down to the piano forte, she is obliged to entertain the most light and trifling, and sometimes vulgar sentiments, incorporated in the prescribed lessons, and commended to her lips in 'harmony of sweet sounds.' Parents receive their daughters from the boarding schools freighted with these light, frivolous, and often profane songs, which are to form the amusements of the parlor, and must always be sung to entertain their company."

The Parlor Melodies are cheerfully recommended for their intended use. They are innocent, at least, and many of them contain most weighty moral and religious admonition. The piece on page 126 is selected from this work. It is from the pen of the celebrated Mozart, and has long been a popular piece, both in Europe and America.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

METHODISM IN FRANCE.—In Paris there is a respectable English congregation of Wesleyans. They worship in No. 23 brs., Rue Royale, St. Honore. The members are much united, and walk in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. A library is connected with the chapel. The donations and collections for this department, from the Parisian Wesleyans, amounted to about £300 for the year 1840.

The French Chapel, Rue Menil Montant, is also at Paris. It is a respectable chapel, and is well attended. More than 300 French and Swiss have here been born again. Here 100 poor children of indigent Roman Catholics receive day and Sabbath school instructions.

In Boulogne is an old theatre which the Wesleyans use as a chapel. Here is a good society, day and Sabbath schools, and a circulating library.

Calais is a promising station, with a small good chapel for French worshippers.

At Basseville is a good new chapel, well attended.

At Lille and Roubaix the labors of the Wesleyans have been successful. Here there was recently a revival.

Caen is the oldest Wesleyan station in France. It dates from 1700. It has a commodious chapel, and prospers.

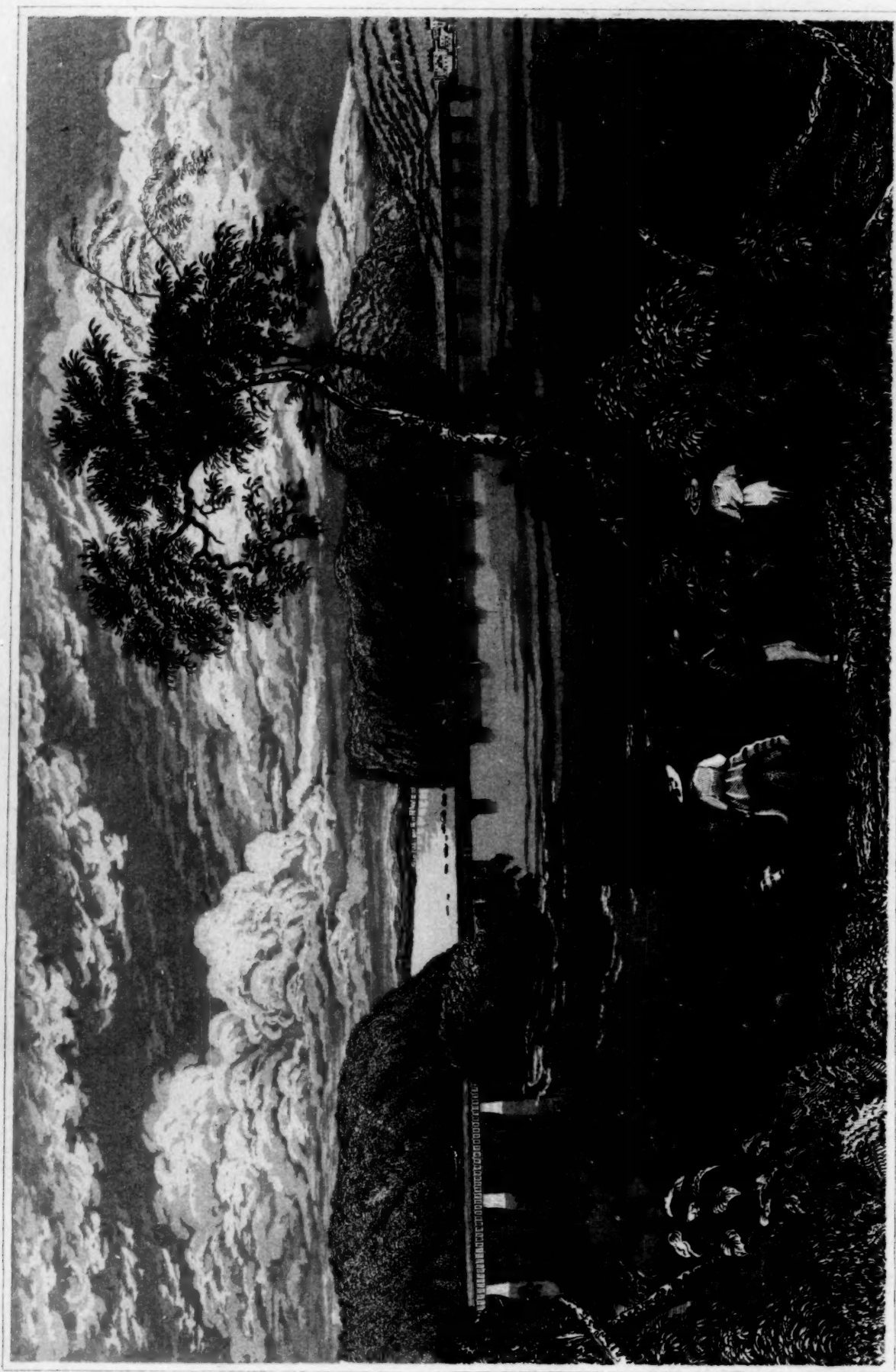
In Conde sur Noireau and its vicinity are two chapels and three preaching places.

But Methodism has prospered most in the south of France. In Nismes is a large congregation, and a pious people. At Conquinies, Vanwert, Codognan, and Montpellier, in the vicinity of Nismes, the good work prospers.

Bordeaux is the head of a flourishing circuit of 350 members. In the Alps are faithful Wesleyan missionaries, and Switzerland is visited by the power of God through their labors.

In all France the Wesleyans have twenty traveling and forty local preachers—about 1200 members and 113 on probation, 1200 children in Sabbath schools, a monthly magazine in French, and the following works are translated and read by the French, viz., *Life of Wesley* in 2 vols., 8vo; *Life of Nelson*; *Wesley's Sermons* in 2 vols., 8vo; *Wesley on Christian Perfection*; *Pipe on Sanctification*; *Hymnbook*; and several smaller works. This account is condensed from a report by Wm. Toosa, of Paris, chairman of the district.

ENCOURAGING SIGNS.—Amidst the discouragements of the times are various occasions for praise to the Giver of all good. The temperance reformation is sweeping over the land, and promises, with the divine blessing, to put an end to half the sorrows of mankind. Theatres are deserted, and in their place we have crowded halls wherever popular lectures are delivered. To crown all, revivals of religion are prevailing to an extent, and with a power unknown in modern times. As an evidence of this, we might mention that in the Scioto valley, between Portsmouth and Columbus, more than one thousand persons have been added to a single branch of the Church within three months.



Eng'd by W. Woodruff Cut for the Ladies Repository.

COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

(On the Susquehanna.)

Published by Wright & Swensfeldt Cincinnati, O.